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NOBODY can have the least doubt that the second Liberty Loan will be a success, from a purely financial point of view. A four per cent government loan, even subject to supertax, is an attractive investment to all but the very few whose great incomes expose them to the higher rates of taxation. And even such investors will find the bonds more attractive than appears on their face. The supertax is certain to come down before many years have passed, and four per cent bonds will command a premium. From a social and political point of view the loan will be a success in the measure in which the industrial and agricultural workers subscribe to it. If it is largely taken by these classes, the war will have established a habit of thrift that will make for the wider and better distribution of our capital wealth. Further, these classes can not contribute to the loan without reducing their expenditures, and a widely extended determination to save would necessarily mean a collective stoppage of the small wastes that weaken the working class and the nation. It would help to prevent the soaring of prices of the necessities of life. For the chief cause of high prices is actual shortage of supplies, and rigid popular economy would inevitably reduce the strain upon supplies. Still more important, just now, is the psychological effect upon the nation as a whole. We all want to do our bit, so we assert. We cannot afford to go about simply asserting this and doing nothing tangible to make good our words. This would be to turn our patriotism into an affectation at best, at worst into loud mouthed ragings against an enemy at safe distance. We can not all serve in the trenches or even in the industrial services of war. We can all economize and place our savings at the national service.

SINCE the closing of the Denman-Goethals shipping controversy, it has been generally assumed that we are making satisfactory progress toward supplying the need of ourselves and our Allies for tonnage. But a recent utterance of the British shipping controller, who is in a position to know exactly what we are accomplishing and, as nearly as anyone can know, what the requirements of the next year of war will be, raises the question whether we have a right to be complacent over the progress we are making. It is intimated that the shortage of shipping may be so serious, next spring, that we shall find difficulty in conveying an army to France and supplying it properly, without withdrawing tonnage from Allied services even more vital. If this should prove to be the case, our national and the Allied cause would suffer immeasurable injury. A powerful American army in France is required to give such a preponderance to the Allies that Germany will not dare to continue the war. If we have not the ships to carry our soldiers to France in time for the next summer's campaign, the Germans will attempt to hold out through another winter in the hope that France and England will not be able to support the weariness and loss of another campaign. It is worth noting that recent German expressions of renewed confidence in ultimate victory are almost invariably coupled with assertions that the American army need not be taken into consideration, because there will be no

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shipping available to convey it to France. We have all possible resources to make the German boast vain. Are we making the fullest possible use of them?

THE northern neutrals may as well prepare for a period of drastic trade discipline. They will get no goods from America until they make up their minds to cut off exports of military value to Germany. They will get no goods from the British empire. Other nations of the Allied group have been sending little to the northern neutrals. If the trade were worth the trouble, those nations would doubtless follow the action of the United States and England in laying embargoes. There is still much neutral territory in Latin America and the Dutch have colonies of their own. But it is doubtful whether the ships of the northern neutrals could sail to Latin America and the Dutch East Indies if denied bunker coal by the Allied governments. And even if they could, they would still have to run the gauntlet of the British blockade. It seems clear that the people of the northern neutral states are to face a period of privation. They need coal, which England and America cannot supply for want of tonnage, and which Germany will not supply except in exchange for meat and fat. They need wheat and fodder, cotton and leather. They will bitterly resent our action in cutting off their supplies. But it will be worth their while to review their own action in the past. They have permitted a minority of their nationals to thrive upon the trade of supplying Germany. They have retained in power cliques that lent their aid to German intrigue. If the democracies of Holland, Sweden, Norway and Denmark had actually asserted themselves and had controlled their too enterprising business vigorously in the interest of the mass of the people, the present crisis need not have arisen.

IT is pertinent to inquire how the embargoes upon the northern neutrals will affect the general international situation. For three years the British have known of the importance to Germany of the supplies exported from the northern neutrals. Only now are they taking the most effective measures to stop this flow of supplies. The reason for the delay is plain. There were in the past limits to the restrictions that could be placed upon the trade of those neutrals without driving them into the war on the side of Germany. But now the German star is waning. Nothing could induce Holland to cast in her lot with Germany. She would merely lose her colonies and her shipping. While Russia remained an autocracy it might have been possible for Germany to get Sweden into the war. The promise of Finland would have been worth Sweden's considering. But now that Finland is practically free, the Swedes would have to subjugate the Finnish people, instead of assuming the rôle of their deliverers. Accordingly, the danger that Sweden will join with Germany is now negligible. As for Denmark and Norway, there was never the least danger that they would enter the war on the German side. Their sympathies will remain with the Allies, even if Allied measures directed against Germany wreak incidental hardships upon them.

UNDOUBTEDLY something has happened to moderate the speed of the peace offensive of the German government. There was every indication ten days ago of the intention of the German foreign office to make a definite announcement about Belgium. But the statement failed to arrive on schedule time, and it has since apparently been lost in transit. The Chancellor has returned to the position of his predecessor and refuses to bind the hands of the German peace negotiators by promising to restore Belgium. Surely the men who are fighting the German government in Germany must realize what a formidable barrier the refusal of a promise to evacuate Belgium and northern France places in the path of serious peace discussion. Knowing as they do the character of the government which they are opposing in common with the rest of the world, they can hardly blame the rest of the world for insisting upon some proof of the sincerity of the peace professions of the German government more definite than proposals for future arbitration and disarmament. Startling as those proposals are, they certainly imply as a condition of their acceptance the unconditional evacuation of European territory conquered during the present war, and Mr. Asquith is perfectly right in insisting on a promise to evacuate as an evidence of good faith. Until the German government is prepared to make such a promise, its peace offensive will fail of its purpose to divide the enemies of Germany and to give strength to the unity of the citizens and the allies of that country.

IT can be said we believe without the slightest exaggeration that if ever in the history of popular government a public official deserved reelection at the hands of his fellow citizens that man is Mayor Mitchel of New York. There are, of course, many elected public officials who have labored wisely and disinterestedly to promote the welfare of their constituents, but there is none who has worked more gallantly and intelligently against heavier odds to redeem his preëlection promises.

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He has introduced some measure of system and economy into the administrative and financial chaos, which has passed for government in New York City. He has begun the task of converting the Police Department from a doubtful protector of law and order into a positive promoter of social wellbeing. He and his associates have succeeded prodigiously in improving the health, contributing to the comfort, and relieving the distress of the inhabitants of the city. Finally he has tackled the all-important job of converting the schools of the city into agencies of individual and social growth. His reëlection is compromised at the present time, not because he has been an unenterprising, unintelligent and squeamish public servant, but because of his courageous, energetic, perspicacious and unqualified devotion to the public welfare. The very excellence of his administration, the very thoroughness of his attempt to remedy abuses and to introduce new and better methods and purposes into the government of New York has raised against him a group of malcontents who have been injured or discommoded or outraged by the excellence of his plans for municipal reconstruction. They are leagued against him now and are responsible for the candidacy of his opponents. He is, consequently, honored by the number, the character and the arguments of his enemies. Owing to the intrusion into the campaign of the wholly irrelevant issue of the war, it will be difficult to focus public attention on the reasons which actually entitle Mr. Mitchel to reëlection, but it can still be done—provided the peculiarly gallant and thoroughgoing nature of his services is presented with sufficient emphasis to the voters of the city.

PRESIDENT WILSON, in his answer to the letter of Mr. Max Eastman, editor of The Masses, is, of course, right in stating that during war "it is legitimate to regard things which would in ordinary circumstances be innocent as very dangerous to the public welfare." A new line must be drawn and the drawing of it is "exceedingly hard." But this answer does not meet the grievance to which Mr. Eastman in his letter had attached most importance. "I have repeatedly requested the Post Office," says Mr. Eastman, "to inform me what specific things or kind of things in my magazine they consider unmailable so that I might make up the magazine in such a way as to be mailable in the future, and they have stubbornly and contemptuously refused." If, consequently, Mr. Eastman's statement is not exaggerated, the real difficulty is not that a line has been drawn but that a line has not been drawn. An editor who is opposed to the war but wishes to avoid the condemnation of the law in his criticism of the government is not instructed as to where the line runs but is penalized for overstepping a limit as to whose whereabouts he has not been instructed. In fact, the post office censorship is operated under conditions which make it peculiarly oppressive and exasperating. A wise censorship would go to the editor of a journal that was printing attacks on the national policy which were considered to be dangerous and arrange, if possible, to have the criticism pared down to limits which were regarded as tolerable. In so doing the government would merely be following the same practice in dealing with editors that it has used in dealing with the management of an industry which was charging excessive prices for its product. It asks for powers of coercion, but before using those powers it tries first to secure its objects by voluntary agreement. In war huge increases of authority are necessarily conferred on administrative officials, but if the administration is wise this authority will be used with moderation and its extreme exercise reserved for an extreme emergency.

War Propaganda

THE New Republic has received recently many letters from readers who are troubled by certain phases of the foreign and domestic policy of the government. These letters come almost entirely from people who favored the declaration of war against Germany last April and who have been no less in favor ever since of vigorous and whole-hearted military, naval and economic coöperation with the Allies for the purpose of preventing German victory. But they do not want the vast power which their nation is now creating exerted exclusively for the purpose of preventing German victory. They were converted to the employment of such a dangerous and double-edged weapon as war partly because of President Wilson's previous propaganda in favor of international organization, and because they saw no way of effectively bringing the influence of this country to bear on behalf of lasting peace save by participation in the risks, the sacrifices and the labor of defeating German aggression. What troubles them now is a doubt whether the diplomatic management of the war by the American government, and the propaganda recently associated with it, is calculated either to promote lasting peace or to extinguish German militarism; and this doubt has been reënforced by the extent to which the government has recently been setting up a coercive censorship over public opinion. The doubters quote President Wilson's words, "Just as we fight without rancor and selfish object . . . we shall, I feel confident, conduct

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our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and fair play we profess to be fighting for"; and they ask in all seriousness how far the American nation is being urged to conduct its war-like operations without rancorous passion and how far its government is itself proudly and punctiliously observing its advertised principles of right and fair play.

If these doubters raise any question as to the wisdom of the declaration by this country of war on Germany or as to the overwhelming importance of resisting uncompromisingly the triumph of the German military party, The New Republic has no sympathy with their criticism. The price of American participation may be heavier than was anticipated some months ago, but the increased cost is outweighed by the clearest possible testimony to its salutary consequences. When the decision had to be made, there was no way of being sure what the effect would be on the outcome of the war of an unrestricted submarine campaign. No one could certainly tell whether or not the connivance at its barbarities by this country would or would not be equivalent to an underwriting of German victory. We now know that it probably would have enabled the Germans to win. The combination of the submarine campaign, the Russian revolution and American refusal to resist the former and to support the latter would have reduced France, Great Britain and Italy to a struggle against odds which could hardly have failed to result either in a war of general extermination or in a treaty of peace favorable to Germany. Those who opposed American intervention are finally condemned by the manifest practical consequences of American abstention. By clearing the way for a triumph of the military caste in Germany it would have left democracy throughout the world with its back to the wall and condemned to adopt permanently instead of temporarily the handicap of militarism. In no country would the democratic movement have been more defenseless than in America. For we would have been isolated, distrusted and friendless in a world more than ever militarized, and we would have armed, not as at present with some hope of making a temporary use of military force contribute to enduring peace, but under the influence of a bad conscience and an overwhelming fear.

In this essential respect the wisdom of American participation in the war has been brilliantly vindicated by the event. Any criticism of the government which tends to a contrary conclusion and which implies a willingness to acquiesce in a victory for the German government, because of a reluctance to pay the price of its defeat, must be unequivocally repudiated. But this is not the whole story. The letters of our correspondents suggest a criticism of the conduct of the war which assumes the need and value of implacable American resistance to German aggression, but which questions the means which are being adopted to make that resistance effective. They raise a doubt whether the American government is adapting its domestic policy to the need of securing the kind of support from popular opinion which is required for the success of its diplomatic campaign against the German government and for the fulfilment of its ultimate purposes in entering the war. That campaign consists essentially in our attempt to capitalize the moral superiority of the cause of the Allies, to assist military with political weapons, to state the political issue of the war in such a way as to impair German morale by undermining the defense psychology of the German people and at the same time to give increasing endurance and integrity to the morale of the enemies of Germany. But a nation which uses political weapons must conform in its own behavior to the spirit of its policy. Its people must coöperate with its government in offering to the German people the olive branch as well as the sword, and this the American nation is not doing and is not being encouraged to do by its own government. A diplomacy which depends upon a combination of coercion and conciliation is being sustained by a war propaganda which is exclusively vindictive and coercive in spirit and method. This propaganda is already compromising the success of the President's attempt to impair German morale, and unless it is checked its effect on the morale of this country is likely to be no less deplorable.

From the editorials which appear in the enormous majority of American newspapers, from the speeches which are being made by a majority of American patriotic orators, no one could possibly infer that the American government officially entertained a policy except that of a decisive military victory, which was to be obtained at any cost and which would be used for the purpose of chastising and humiliating the German people. Few newspapers and none of the speakers so much as refer to the President's alternative of a peace of reconciliation or greet with the slightest encouragement the efforts which are now being made by the liberal parties in Germany to defeat the aggressive designs of their own government. On the contrary the detestable practice of classing the whole German nation together as assassins and Huns seems to be coming into favor. Stump speakers sent out by defense societies are evoking in the name of American patriotism the most malignant and venomous passions of their audiences, not only against the whole German nation, but against everyone in this

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country who disagrees with their attitude and who does not share their own rancor and intolerance. Temporarily the propaganda of patriotism has been divorced from every feeling and idea which last spring reconciled so many pacifically minded Americans to participation in the war.

How is it possible to pretend that a war conducted in such a spirit can make for enduring peace? It is this headstrong and vindictive state of mind, this easy confusion of blind pugnacity with the sense of absolute righteousness which has been and always will be the most fruitful mother of wars. As a matter of fact the people who are now laboring to infect American public opinion with their own virulence always have been and still are the enemies rather than the friends of lasting peace. They were doing their best to militarize this country before it entered into the war, and they are making the best of their present opportunity to continue the work, and their efforts will not cease after the war is over. When the President proclaimed in the Senate address of last January his program of constructive internationalism, they either sneered at it or denounced it. They can be counted on to resist any attempt to put it into effect. At present they are supporting Mr. Wilson, but they are supporting him only in so far as he is making war. They are deliberately endeavoring to neutralize his attempt to accomplish in part the better objects of the war by the conciliatory methods of a democratic diplomacy. One and all they are the President's bitter and irreconcilable personal enemies. They are only waiting for a good opportunity to turn on him and rend him once again as they did during the last campaign.

The government cannot escape some measure of responsibility for the ugly and sinister mask which is being fastened on the face of American patriotism. It could not have wholly prevented this perversion of the spirit, which, according to the President, would be punctiliously observed by the nation in its conduct of the war, but it could have done much to counteract the process of demoralization. The great failure in the domestic policy of the government has consisted in its management of public opinion. It has depended too much upon the repetition of the admirable phrases in which the President originally embodied his policy and has neglected the task of applying them to the concrete problems of domestic and foreign policy in a way which would increase their vitality. The official press bureau has done nothing to assist the President's diplomacy by disseminating its spirit, and by explaining its purposes and its consequences. It has done absolutely nothing to arouse the interest of public opinion in the constructive problems of the settlement. Its notion of information and propaganda has been a poor survival of the muckraking magazine. The result is that when two different kinds of agitation inimical to the success of its own policy started up, the government was placed at a grave disadvantage. It was not prepared to resist a militarist agitation which was dangerous to its work on behalf of enduring peace, and it could think of no answer to an agitation in favor of immediate peace except violent suppression. Of course the effect of suppressing the agitation for peace at any price and conniving at the agitation for war at any price has been to strengthen both extremists and weaken the supporters of its own intermediate policy. The peace propagandists rejoice in suppression because it drives their agitation underground where it will become much more irresponsible, insidious and menacing. The militarist agitators are permitted without protest to impose themselves on the public as the only unadulterated American patriots.

A sufficient, although not the only, objection, to such a method of managing public opinion is its tendency to impair the ultimate efficiency of our American contribution to the war. Not only does it increase the resistance which the American military and political power will have to overcome both at home and abroad, but it will inevitably tend to dry up the fountain of American moral endurance. The American people will eventually react against a war which they were induced to enter because it was intended to safeguard democracy and to promote organized peace, but which is being too much managed by people who are opposed to organized peace, who expressly repudiate the idea that it was intended to safeguard democracy and who by all their words and acts prove an utter lack of faith in any method of dealing with enemies and opponents except that of violence. No matter how drastic the measures adopted to suppress opposition to a war conducted in a spirit of vindictive and savage hatred, that opposition will grow. Such a war would be too offensive to American national conscience. It would be too injurious to American national interest. The President, by every promise which he made to the American people in leading them into war, is committed to evoking for its support a different kind of propaganda. Otherwise he will fail in his campaign to divide the German people from the German government; the war will become more than ever one of physical and moral attrition and of competitive annihilation; the Russian republic will be submerged for a generation or more; and ultimately the connection will be severed between the government as the official engine of organized power in America and the deepest sources of American moral endurance and aspiration.

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Diplomatic Nihilism

WITHIN a few days there is to be held abroad a conference on Allied military plans. The men and the weapons of England, France and the United States have so far been concentrated chiefly on the western front, but at the new conference will be presented the claims of Italy for greater support in her Isonzo offensive; and her demands will raise the question whether there should be more vigorous activity in Macedonia and Serbia. The United States will be represented by military men with power only to report. The object of this arrangement is that of leaving our government a free hand. But the free hand will also be empty. The result will be to force the American government to endorse whatever the Allies decide. For no plan of operations can leave out of consideration American assistance, and if our government is presented with the alternative of either giving or refusing aid to a program already decided upon by its associates, there can be only one result. American preferences, if we have any, will have no chance to make themselves felt.

Italy will present a strong case. She will point to her success in the recent offensive; she will say that with such increases of supplies and men as the Allies might spare as the result of giving up a costly offensive on the western front she can press on perhaps as far as Trieste; she will urge the strategic value of attacking Austria, now the weakest and most pacific member of the Central European group. She may also hint that, unless she is able to show her restless people some tangible gain, it may be hard to keep them up to the fighting pitch. She could have secured the Trentino and a strip of land along the Isonzo without entering the war. It was the promise of more annexations which induced her people to fight.

The advocates of a vigorous attack on Austria and Bulgaria from the south can also put forward an exceedingly strong case. The Saloniki army is now in better condition, and the approaches to Macedonia have been cleared by energetic road-building. Greece is in the war. Not only has the menace of an attack in the rear been removed, but communications have been opened up which are vastly better protected against the submarine by the establishment of short routes across the Adriatic from Italian to Greek and Albanian ports. The old perilous journey from Marseilles to Saloniki is no longer necessary. A good military line has been established from the Adriatic to the Ægean. As possible prizes, the advocates of a campaign in this quarter point to the recapture of Serbia, the interruption of the Berlin-Bagdad railway, with disastrous results both to Turkey and Germany, and the embarrassment not only of Austria, as contemplated by the Italian plan, but also of Bulgaria.

If the decision as to where Allied power is to be concentrated were purely a military matter, as the State Department seems to think, it would perhaps make little difference to us what decision is reached, assuming it to be the one that would cause the greatest injury to the enemy. Our Allies know infinitely more about the military situation than we do. But diplomatic considerations are necessarily involved. In the first place, the United States is not at war with Austria or Turkey; it has not even broken diplomatic relations with Bulgaria. Presumably there are good reasons for this anomaly. It is supposed to rest on a policy of encouraging the weaker of the Central Powers to exert their pressure on Germany for a reasonable settlement. Is the American government prepared to abandon this policy? For it is difficult to see how we could participate in either the Italian or the Serbian plan without declaring war on Austria and Bulgaria. This is not an insuperable objection, but certainly before the policy is abandoned, the American government should give to Austria and Bulgaria a final chance of accomplishing a result to which they have already contributed much. And if they should thus be induced to bring additional pressure on Germany, how would it affect the war aims of the Italians and the Serbs? Surely this is a large and very significant diplomatic issue if there ever was one.

Another diplomatic consideration is no less far-reaching. In the settlement the various Allies will assuredly make their territorial demands rest in part on the achievement of their armies. The decision to exert military pressure on one particular front is also a decision to encourage a territorial program. What object is of more importance to America, the recovery of Belgium, the reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine for France, the Italian ambitions on the Adriatic, or the recovery of Serbia and the program of the Jugo-Slavs? In a possible choice between the Italian and the Serbian programs the issue becomes still more acute, for part of the territory desired by the Italians is also claimed by the Slavs. Here is, in fact, the most pregnant difference of aims among the Allies. And these opposing demands will undoubtedly add much to the vehemence with which each of the two plans will be supported at the coming Allied military conference.

At present even if we had the opportunity and the will to adopt an attitude of our own in this matter, we have not the necessary information on which to base it. The official lack of policy is reflected in a weakness of organization. There is

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in the State Department a Near-Eastern bureau, consisting of one man with a small office force. He is presumably an able man, but one man is only one man. How can he possibly investigate in the necessary detail all the issues involved in the most difficult political tangle in the world? Like all men he will have his sympathies and his prejudices. The opposing opinions are not represented. Yet he is the only disinterested official American source from which the State Department could derive the facts and suggestions on which a Near-Eastern policy could be based. Compare this state of preparedness with that, say, of the British Foreign office! Lloyd George is accompanied to a conference by numerous assistants who have at their finger tips specialized information on the most minute details of the subjects which are to be presented for discussion.

As for any participation by public opinion in the foreign policy of the American government, it does not exist and has not been allowed any chance to exist. No campaign of education has been undertaken except by the representatives of special foreign interests. The Slavs in America are well organized and financed and have conducted an effective propaganda. The French are exercising all their deservedly great influence upon American public opinion in favor of insisting on the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine as an essential condition of peace. The Italians have of late been making a decidedly brilliant and successful attempt to win American sympathies for Italian war objects. Even the British, while they carefully abstain from ordinary propaganda, are distributing broadcast throughout the country pamphlets which are intended very properly to impress American readers with British political and military achievements.

No corresponding activities are being undertaken by the American government. Not only is the American international program not being explained abroad, but it is not even being repeated, amplified and applied for the benefit of American public opinion. While the press bureaus of foreign governments are indoctrinating our public with reasons for supporting their war aims, Americans are being daily instructed by hundreds of speakers and newspapers not to formulate, discuss or cherish specific war aims of their own. The State Department deliberately discourages any independent discussion of the diplomatic problems raised by the war. Any one who as a matter of American or international policy wishes to oppose the pleas either of the Italians or the Slavs exposes himself to being branded as a pro-German who seeks to create dissensions among the Allies. The fact that dissension already exists between the Slavs and the Italians, and that blind American action may tend to increase it is entirely overlooked.

Officially, as American public opinion has been repeatedly assured, the United States is " not interested in the Balkans." It is said to be impertinent and dangerous for Americans to adopt any attitude concerning the rearrangement of European territory. Every sensible American must agree with this, just in so far as the territorial rearrangements effected by the war are based on force rather than on principle and would have to be subsequently sustained by force. But the President has laid down certain principles which have a direct bearing on these territorial rearrangements; and as a matter of fact the place and the way in which American armed force is applied will exert an influence in favor of one or another of such rearrangements. There is no way, consequently, in which some measure of diplomatic responsibility in this region can be escaped. The penalty of failing to associate American military intervention in Europe with a specific diplomatic policy, deduced from the principles already laid down by President Wilson, will be merely to make American military power count in favor of the purposes of some other government instead of those of our own.

The Philadelphia Ledger recently announced a plan of Mr. Wilson's to place Colonel House in charge of preparing material which will be needed by the American commissioners at the Peace Conference. The selection of Colonel House for this work is admirable. He is peculiarly qualified for it by his diplomatic experience of recent years, by his study of the political problems which the war has raised and by his integrity of mind and character. The work itself is of peculiar importance because the ability of the American representatives at the Peace Conference to secure the acceptance of any special American policy will depend in part upon the skill and wisdom which is put into the work of preparation. But there is one aspect of this work, the results of which cannot remain submerged until the Peace Conference assembles. That is the work of embodying the President's principles in a concrete diplomatic policy which the governments of foreign countries and American public opinion can be persuaded to understand and accept. The American government cannot reduce its diplomacy with respect to these specific problems to zero before the conference and then raise it to one hundred per cent as soon as the conference begins. Opportunity must be taken to provide not merely for an ultimate but for an immediate contact between American peace principles and American war policy. American military power is increasing enormously, and it will continue to increase in the future when that of both its enemies and

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Allies must at best be stationary. The time is coming to arrange for the exercise of that power under the control of a diplomacy based upon the President's address to the Senate of last January and his war speech of last April. Mr. Wilson has already developed a diplomatic policy in respect to Germany derived from constructive distinction between the German people and the German government. He has still to develop a diplomatic treatment of the governments allied with the United States which is derived from his promise to make the power exercised by the American government in this war count in favor of an enduring peace. There is no better way in which this can be done than by a decision to make American influence count for or against military plans whose success or failure involves important political consequences.

Internationalism on the Seas

FREEDOM of the seas, as the Germans conceive it, has nothing to do with maritime affairs as they shape themselves in normal times. Germany is not demanding that the seas be made free to her in the coming peace. This she takes for granted. She assumes that she will be permitted to sail her ships by such courses as she may choose, touch at such ports as she may choose, load and unload freights without hindrance. What Germany demands is that she be guaranteed the freedom of the seas in the next war, that her trade with neutrals, except at blockaded ports, and in unconditional contraband, be permitted to go on unmolested. The demand is an integral part of a "German peace," a peace expected to end in war. It is in harmony with the demand for a strategic frontier, a frontier from which Germany may strike before her enemy can gather forces for defense.

German freedom of the seas, it is safe to predict, will not be enumerated among the fruits of this war. The Germans themselves have taught the world that in war time the distinctions between the army and industry, between the military forces and the civil population, are illusory. They have taught the world that there is practically no part of a nation's trade that does not subserve a military use. If we must have war, the nation whose fleets command the seas will strike at its enemy's trade by the same necessity by which it strikes at the enemy's armed forces. The civil population must suffer privations, as the soldiers must die. It is a harsh condition which the war makers will have to take into account in the future. For a country like Germany, with a population outrunning its natural resources and increasingly dependent upon sea borne traffic, the only tolerable alternative to "freedom of the seas" will be a stable international order. This is a point that the Allied nations are in no danger of overlooking. The closed sea is a potent argument for peace, and the most that Germany can hope is that so effective a weapon as the closing of the seas will be placed under international, instead of national control.

But it is not sufficient for internationalism to take over control of ocean traffic in time of war. Internationalism that performs no active function in time of peace is not likely to be found in full vigor when war is imminent. It is not likely to cope successfully with the forces that in time of peace have prepared for war. And such forces are sure to make their appearance upon the seas.

Does anyone believe that the development of mercantile marines as instruments of nationalistic policy makes for international harmony? Did the United States, before its entry into the war, look with unconcern upon the progress of the Japanese flag on the Pacific? Will the Germans, after the war, take merely friendly notice of the enormous increase in American ocean tonnage, of the huge expansion in American ship building plants? We are felicitating ourselves upon the approaching inauguration of a direct passenger and freight line between New York and Valparaiso. How should we feel after the war if the Germans should establish a line to Valparaiso, perhaps touching at New York, thus duplicating our service and turning its profits into deficits? The two lines would struggle for port facilities and rail connections at Valparaiso. It is bad enough when two private enterprises in the same country enter upon a ruthless competitive struggle. When the rival enterprises represent different nations, and especially when each enjoys governmental backing, the evil becomes much more serious. Its effect upon international goodwill may be clearly conceived if one will picture to himself the inevitable activities of American and German diplomatic representatives, each striving to secure the most favorable concessions for the enterprise backed by his government.

National rivalries in ocean transportation would not be so serious a matter if the object in view were merely a maximum share in the carrying trade, with the profits and opportunities for employing labor that such a trade affords. But the real object of a nationalistic merchant marine is much more ambitious. This object is to secure special advantages for the national industry in export markets. If the Germans, for example, can make it unprofitable for the ships of any other nation to call at a particular Latin American port, German goods ought to be able to drive British and American and French goods out of the markets of that

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port and the territory it serves. For all non-German goods would have to be carried by German ships and pay such freights as German nationalistic policy might dictate. Thus the port and its territory would become, in effect, a German colonial market, closed to the world.

The game is one at which more nations than one can play. Let Germany try to engross the shipping of a port, and she will find her industrial and commercial rivals taking steps to thwart her. And if this is not worth while, the other nations can engross the shipping of other ports. Whether the final result proved favorable to Germany or not would then come to depend upon the development of land transportation lines feeding the several ports. The war of competing ocean carriers would thus entail a war of railway construction and railway rates. In consequence the financial systems of the rival nations would become involved. With the export industries, the ocean carriers, and the banks of the several powers carrying on an economic warfare on neutral soil, what would be the chance of a lasting peace?

Ocean transportation is essentially an international interest. Nationalistic strivings can only work mischief in this field. Any country ought to be permitted to build as many ships as it may care to build, subsidizing them as heavily as it can afford, if it chooses. But the operation of such ships ought to be subject to international rules, requiring that the service be placed without discrimination at the command of trade, of whatever national origin. The American line ought to be required to carry German or British or French goods from New York to Valparaiso at the same rates as it carries American goods. If Germany opens a line to Valparaiso, she ought to be required to carry French and British and Scandinavian goods at the same rates as German.

With ocean transportation governed by international rules precluding discrimination, there would be no danger that any nation would reduce neutral territory to the status of a closed colonial market. There would be no reason why one nation should strive to balance its neighbors' merchant marines, ship for ship, as there must be if merchant marines are to remain instruments of nationalistic aggression. If Norway and Japan, owing to lack of natural resources upon which to employ their population, find it desirable to contribute to the world's shipping far beyond the ratio of their trade and population, this would be the concern of those nations alone. Norway's merchant fleet now serves as an international common carrier, and does any nation in the world regard the growth of that fleet as a menace? Japan might become the common carrier of the Pacific, maintaining hundreds of thousands of her people by this employment and advancing the interest of the whole world, if she would govern her shipping enterprises according to the principles of internationalism.

The merchant shipping on the seas is now internationally controlled, as a measure of military necessity. The Allied nations have in a sense pooled their shipping. Each recognizes that it would be shameful to confine the use of its ships to purely selfish, nationalistic ends. And neutral shipping has been brought under the sway of internationalism through control by the Allies of bunker coal and through export embargoes. Is it too much to hope that the internationalism of war will give way, not to a nationalistic anarchy, but to an internationalism of peace? England, America and Japan hold the strategic points in the field of ocean shipping. Without their coöperation and good will, no other nation can hope to carry on an ocean trade extending over the world. These three nations, especially with the support of France and Italy, can practically impose their will upon the seas, if it is their will to impose rules fair to all the nations and conducing to the world's peace.

Future Limitations of Conscription

THE precise nature of the suggestions put forward by Cardinal Gasparri concerning the abolition of conscription as a part of the general approach to disarmament is not very clear. And even in the event of disarmament coming within the scope of practical politics at the settlement, it is unlikely that universal military service for European nations would be the first form of armament marked down for abolition. But there is one form of conscription of which the Allies might well demand the abolition, on the general ground that it is particularly evil in itself, that its abolition would tend to reverse one of the great political motives which go to promote war, and would facilitate certain concessions in Allied policy that might not be possible otherwise.

This form of conscription is the drafting of subject peoples, not enjoying self-government, and forming part, often against their will, of the state for which they are compelled to go to war.

The motive which pushes states like Germany and Austria to the retention of conquered territory is in large part the desire to add to their potential military force. The population of an annexed province can, even against its will, be somehow licked into shape as cannon fodder. And so it is retained even at the cost of risks and political inconveniences which but for the temptation of in-

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creased power might cause it to be surrendered. Conversely, settlements which would perhaps be made most easily along the lines of loose confederation are resisted by rival groups in the interest of the balance of power—on the ground that such federated provinces might be brought within the scope of a hostile military system.

But certain limitations of the right of conscription would render possible some provision against that contingency. For instance, were the Allies to exact that any future plan of Home Rule for the various nationalities of the Austrian Empire should include the exemption from conscription of Tcheco-Slovak, Serbian, Rumanian, Croatian and Polish provinces, Federalism, from the point of view of the populations themselves and the outside world, would, to put it at its lowest, be more acceptable than it could possibly be otherwise. As to enforcement, such a stipulation would of course have the support of the populations concerned, and if it could be maintained for a decade in a country of universal suffrage the political importance—from the electoral point of view—of the exempted populations would help them to perpetuate their privilege.

The reciprocal undertaking on the part of the Allies has in large part been fulfilled by anticipation. England has already exempted Ireland from the operation of her conscription acts. British policy in this matter suggests certain analogies with the Austrian problem.

Britain would resist the demand for complete Irish independence, but is ready to concede an autonomy which includes the right of the Irish to decide for themselves whether they shall fight in Britain's wars. Britain has not attempted conscription in India and would without doubt be glad to extend the same exemption permanently to equatorial Africa. Indeed it is well known that certain of the more far-sighted statesmen of the South African Union are very anxious to secure an agreement to withhold European military training from the native populations of Africa, an anxiety natural enough on the part of white men living in vast spaces where they are outnumbered by black races in the proportion of from five to one to ten thousand to one! And such a proviso would meet certain German anxieties.

For some years past a school of French military writers have made much of the potentialities of what they have called the "force noire" of France. The military power of France was to be strengthened by the training to arms of the uncounted millions of black Africa. Natives into whose country the white man had penetrated quite frankly as a master and ruler, because they were not yet capable of self-government, were to be conscripted—compelled, that is—to fight in the distant and unknown countries of their masters, to fight against one great section of the white race. It is not be wondered at that the South African Union looked with a certain uneasiness upon such schemes. Its ghastly possibilities are too obvious to make comment necessary. An English labor organization recently put the case in these terms: "If the arming of the black millions of Africa for the purpose of fighting the white man's quarrels is permitted, a new danger, as well as a new horror, will be added to civilization. If a people is not fit to share the privileges of the Empire in the shape of self-government it should not be asked to share its burdens by fighting its wars. Forced fighting, like forced labor, is, in such case, whatever it may be elsewhere, undisguised slavery."

And could Europe look with equanimity upon the adoption of the proposal so often made during this war that the British empire should in future "develop the military potentialities of India," i. e., arm Asiatic populations running into three to four hundred millions just now coming into consciousness of a common nationalism? One thinks of certain possibilities in the development of China and its relation to Japan, and of both to an Asiatic body so vast as India having learned military cohesion under European tutelage.

We have here then pretty clearly indicated a certain limitation of conscription which the Allies will in any case in practice have to impose upon themselves. They have in consequence every reason for attempting to secure the application of the same general principle to the case of their enemies. It is by no means a forlorn hope, and even its partial application all around might aid in the solution of several of the thorny problems which will shortly confront us.

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Mexico Progresses

BY formal acknowledgment of his election as President of Mexico, the United States has now definitely accepted Mr. Carranza as the legal as well as the actual head of the Mexican government. The revolution is therefore officially concluded, and Mexico is welcomed back into the circle of governed nations.

And now that Mexico is back there is less disposition to find fault with her prolonged subversion of law and order to the business of internal warfare. Revolutions are better understood by America than before Russia started out to establish a democracy. Americans, even those despoiled of property in Mexico, are now inclined to ignore the past and to look forward to a reconstructed Mexico which will permit their gradual recoupment of losses. In the meantime, obstacles to industrial and commercial activity are lessening, though substantial ones remain.

The present crux of the Mexican problem is financial. The country cannot survive without an effective, aggressive government, and the government cannot survive without funds. Only a convincing demonstration by the government of its security and permanence will invite confidence enough to warrant effort for substantial financing.

The government is therefore just now going through the period of demonstration. It is living on its current revenues and on incidental internal loans in small amounts that are variously obtained. But in the meantime a deficit is piling up. Revenues are considerably greater than before the revolution, but so are expenditures. The principal expenditure is for the army establishment, totaling more than all other outlays combined. The army is partly needed to maintain internal order, and the rest must be kept on government pay until its officers and soldiers can be absorbed back into industrial or other civic activity.

Industrial activity, moreover, is the only certain remedy for banditry and constitutes, therefore, the immediate, urgent need of Mexico. Happily, business is resuming. Mine and oil properties are not left idle where it is possible physically or financially to operate them, though many mines are still idle whose operation would be of immeasurable advantage to the country. The present state of Mexico is a state of transition with a growing brightening in the prospect of a successful outcome.

Meanwhile, Mr. Carranza has organized a government and has taken firm hold on the administration of public business. He is a man of pre-eminent patience and perseverance, and in consequence of these traits finds himself today greatly more secure and nearer to his goal than he has ever been since first he set out to overthrow the usurper Huerta.

The shibboleth of the Carranzista revolt was "The Constitution and Reform." To restore constitutional government was the war cry of the campaign against Huerta. To achieve reforms was the promise of ultimate benefit which Carranza held out to his followers. The constitutional government has been established under a new constitution. The reforms are in process of accomplishment, in so far as the immediate business of keeping the government in operation permits attention to them. The constitution itself radically altered the status of business and labor and made fundamental changes in religious and educational policy. The status of employed labor is greatly improved wherever there is the power to enforce constitutional and legal provisions respecting hours of work, compensation for injury, child labor and even participation in profits. Education is now a public instead of a church responsibility, and schools are in increasing operation.

Six years ago, discovering itself stagnant and starving in the midst of the glitter and prosperity of the Diaz régime, Mexico came to the conclusion that its problems were fundamentally economic. Years of proclaimed political liberty had not meant freedom. The Mexican revolution has accordingly been prompted by economic motives first announced by Madero, but subsequently sustained by the Carranza party of the Constitution and Reform. The program of the revolution finally expressed itself in the new constitution adopted last winter and sums up as follows: The economic development of the country has been almost exclusively in the hands of foreigners. Accordingly, foreigners are to be brought under the immediate control of Mexican laws and removed from localities where they might furnish excuse for foreign intervention, namely, the border and the immediate sea coast. Large mining holdings are to be restricted to imperative needs for actual development by a progressive tax on mine claims. Large landed estates are to be discouraged by prohibiting corporate ownership of landed properties and by a program of large estate subdivision through the exercise of the powers of eminent domain.

Most important is the attempt to divert the greatest of all recently discovered bodies of Mexican natural wealth into channels assuring the nation of participation in the profits of oil production by other means than taxes. Oil deposits are declared

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to be the property of the nation to be developed only on payment of royalties to the government instead of as before to the owners of the land covering the oil deposits.

All this is an expression of protest against the gradual expropriation of Mexican assets to foreign capital and an ardent effort to capitalize to general national advantage the enterprise of foreigners attracted by the natural riches of the republic.

Industry, almost wholly controlled by foreign capital and developed by foreign initiative, does not take kindly to these proposals and is steadfastly resisting their execution. This opposition and the necessities of the republic will probably lead to some compromises in policy. At all events, future Mexican industrial profits will be tempered by government taxation, and future foreign development will be subjected to more restrictive requirements than obtained before the revolution.

The suppression or restriction of foreign enterprise has not as yet led to a quickening of native initiative in business. Those Mexicans who are at all concerned about business are not inclined to large scale undertakings and find it difficult to obtain capital for those they seek to promote. Technical and business training, already in part instituted by the government before the revolution and now continued, must create a class of business men before much native development is likely to take place. Foreign enterprise is, on the other hand, more inclined to regard with composure government participation in industry. This more tolerant attitude, together with Mexican appreciation of the importance of coöperation with Mexican companies financed abroad will, many think, lead to the formulation of working relationships of mutual advantage.

In the meantime the government under Mr. Carranza's quiet leadership is putting its own house in order. The government is utilizing American expert assistance in its work of financial and administrative reconstruction. The president has created an official commission of leading government officials to coördinate effort along lines of reconstruction and to utilize Mexican and outside coöperation to build up an adequate administrative mechanism. Disinterested observers of present day Mexican tendencies note a positive and steadfast trend towards order and feasible policies. The experience gained by the president and his immediate advisers in attempting to reconstruct Mexican political and social life by mandate and law has led them to recognize the necessity of dealing first with fundamentals. A credit system must be established to take the place of the old banking system now wholly destroyed. Expert attention is being directed to this end, and an interesting attempt is on foot to raise the necessary capital for the enterprise by popular subscription. Currency now cleansed of fiat money but inadequate in volume for the needs of business needs reorganization. And that problem also is receiving expert attention. Railroads must be restored to effective operation to make the quickening of business possible. Sincere effort is on foot to accomplish this imperative result.

In the meantime banditry is generally held in check, with outcroppings here and there where soldiers are not promptly paid, the corn supply deficient, or work and wages wanting. Mexico, in a word, is in a less chaotic condition today than Russia seems to be. The question of her ultimate righting depends on the capacity and stamina of the comparatively few men in the nation who are capable of leadership. Sympathetic coöperation of foreign interests and governments and sustained effort by the Mexicans themselves will probably bring success. At all events, the country is now on the up-grade and this is the time to lend a hand.

HENRY BRUÈRE.

Art and Respectability

THE public always tries to make its favorites respectable, those it truly loves. It longs to make them more like itself. It delights to read of happy family life among its beloved artists, and of the pure summers of the movie star who lives with her mother and has a garden. The course of Mary Anderson comforted and justified thousands of housewives for their mild domesticities and their distrust of the stage. Even the dead are brought into line. The public's favorite romancer lived with his wife three years before he married her, and he did not ever suffer from a certain wasting illness; but they will not have it so, and are fast turning him into a pitiful, cheery saint and martyr as flat and sweet as their own ideals. Their favorite short story writer embezzled and went to the penitentiary and loved poker, but they want to make him an overflowing human heart wandering about taking snap-shots. They have spent more time raking over and clearing up the records of Goethe and Poe and Byron and Shelley than they ever spent on the poems. They want to love the great who loved greatly and sinned but suffered and repented. And we Anglo-Saxons want to approve of what we like as well as like it. The favorite singer who is the king's mistress in France would be in England a friend of the king's because of his love of music. We like good respectability and we like good art; we would make our artist out, then, to be good and respectable. But the two goods are not the same and the artist pays for the confusion. We would

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have him be what he is but act as we say; the fire and power of Goethe with the morals of the deacon.

Art has suffered from being talked about largely by professors and lecturers and scientists who are outside of it and are not really talking about it at all. What they call art is only æsthetics and has little more relation to the living thing than ornithology has to flying. They can all supply the artist with explanations of himself, and some of them with cautious maxims, what they call sanity. I can hear now my professor of literature at college pointing out the fine excitement of passages in Childe Harold and at the same moment reproving Byron for his wicked ways; the gist of it being, so far as I could make out then, that we should scourge and inhibit in ourselves those things whose expression in poetry seemed so precious. Fine logic, I thought, not knowing how respectable it was. The weaker sort of artist is checked by these teachings; they are the hurdles by which the strong emerge. He may heed the parson to be good like him, and the moralist to be sound like him, and the citizen to be respectable like him; as if a bird-of-paradise in a well ordered barnyard were to pull out his plumes to be unworldly, and fly no further than the fence to be moral, and hunt worms and corn all day to be respectable, and so to become less even than poultry.

The artist, then, goes into society, which is a system for our mutual welfare and the avoidance of friction. This society has set up elaborate escapes from discomforting realities and elementals and has arranged distractions—teas, committees, toilettes, games, codes, gentilities—from their pressure. Let him run with the smart set, say; he will bring to his work a kind of chic quality that fits now and then, but for all tenderness and beauty and poetry he will remember—or will waste immense energies forgetting—the swagger shrug with which one takes life smartly. Or he may aim at other social strata. The serene and refined poise of yesterday's hostess teaches him to ease away the divine and fruitful despair that comes to him; the long nose of his friend the dean may shadow his wild light; words jostle on his lips but he recalls the slow, turgid leisure of a successful banker he knows. Stupid royalties for luncheon and tea with Mr. Gladstone, and we have the damning prudence of In Memoriam. Or from his elegant friends the artist may take into his moments a genteel sense of control; splendid emotions flame for him, he masters them like a gentleman, nothing in excess; wild colors glow on his palette, but he remembers Lady Mary's restraint in using color. The Broadway star fresh from dinner on the Avenue will not show us a soul in agony but how a smart lady acts a courtesan, or how a pretty lady acts an ugly person. And those ladies coming up in September all fresh from Atlantic City, pretending to sing a broken heart; and the gentlemen from the clubs making themselves and all tragedy absurd!

Or if the artist wills to burst into a fine rapture or to express his inmost mood, the customary forms of his social habits may get in his way, the pretences, or some elsewhere admirable balance and poise, or modesty, caution, consideration, respect. These virtues the artist voices but always in his own language; and he does not need necessarily to know them except as he needs to know murder and adultery and beauty and terror. The trouble with many artists nowadays is that they want to be ladies and gentlemen. They try to keep one eye on the thing that the run of society values most, which is respectability, and one eye on art; to eat their cake and have it too. They mean to be artists, conceive, create; but no more than the men about them do they mean to suffer the abstractions of art, the heights and depths, the ferocity, the loneliness and beauty, that go with it. What most of our American Empresses of Stormy Emotion, as the play bills put it, need is to top off their fire with a few years of cultured acquaintances, of religion and poetry, to teach them the nuances of fine feeling; what a young lady violinist I have in mind needs is a year more in the conservatory and two years in the gutter. The artist, then, is not the greatest and best of men? He may be or he may not, as the debate goes; but he is himself the most sensitive and complex expression of human life, and he has his own existence and work in the world.

To get his view of life, of thoughts and motive, the artist needs, as a matter of course, the company of men, respectable or not respectable. He needs the superb magnifico, the great saint, the profound beggar. But these men are alive like himself. The outcast's slums and the magnifico's hall, the saint's cell and the great Vittoria's salon, have in common among them after all a sort of reality; the lies and chatter and veneer midway between is the artist's bane. He may even need Parson Manders and Deacon Scruggs and Mrs. Grundy, or to sit with aldermen, vestrymen, college faculties. But all these on his own terms, they are for him first. Only later is he for them. To let himself go in his work or to restrain himself, he needs his own ultimate reasons, according to blood and spirit; his nature has its own sincerities and righteousness, elemental currents that are represented on their sheer surface by social maxims; which are to his as port regulations are to the laws of the sea itself.

But the joyous springs from which the artist's creation rises, the free channels for his awakening impulses, the conception, these are not all. The final, achieved, tangible work itself must come into

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existence, to be seen, heard, touched, absorbed, by other men. Obviously the last form and the beginnings of a work of art are one, indefinably mingled one with the other, and the end is in the very nature of the beginning; but the same freedom, or mental apartness, that is necessary for creative origins and enthusiasms is necessary for the creative labor that brings art into actual existence. Men like Southey and Gustave Doré lack it: Southey gave hours to poetry as he did to respectable services, and produced reams of negligible writing; Shelley, Leopardi, Byron, Michelangelo had it, they worked for one hour or for ten, but with beauty, ferocity, meditation, languor, fire, according to each necessity. And the medium of an art is to the conception like the wax to a seal, it takes the form of it but is at the same time separate, a matter of technique, endurance, opportunity—the labor problem of art.

Engagements, obligations, regularities, confront the artist though his work needs time, who knows how much or how little, time on demand, not by installments; and they wear out the machine of his body. The flabby dullness of social life saps the artist's energy and endurance, takes away his stride. So that with his energy and zest low, and his hours intermittent, the artist is slack in that austere labor that brings about the creation of art; and disconcerted, dissipated, his hand losing cunning, inert, restless, he appeases his nature with impressions set down, sketches, talk, and great dreams of things to be done when he finds time for the work on them. Every great capital is full of men whose genius died with their first success and social recognition, and the metropolis of time is crowded with them. They go on pottering among old tools, basking and preening themselves in the public favor, but their art works are posthumous long before they are laid honorably to rest.

In Italy as a rule, it is said, no actress is received in society. What a pity that any Anglo-Saxon artist is socially received, in the ordinary sense of the word. But that shuts him off from his fellows? If he is a true artist something greater than social mandates already shuts him off, and is the thing that makes men follow him. But that is hard on the artist? It is, very hard; but we were speaking of art, not of establishments or comfort or position, or prudent commerce.

STARK YOUNG.

Mothering the Munition-Maker

I

The Voluntary Worker

THE woman munition-maker has lifted a load from the minds of feminists. For although we talked about the economic independence of women and the injustice of paying women lower wages than men for equal work, we did not really know whether women were capable of equal work. We hoped that the inferior position occupied by women in practically every part of the industrial world except the textile trades could be explained by their lack of technical training and by the physical depression caused by underpayment and the consequent underfeeding, but we could not be certain. We are quite sure now. Women are good timekeepers; they can endure long hours; they can do work that requires delicacy of eye and hand; they are careless of danger; they are in every respect save that of muscular strength as useful as men. When, in the days of the suffrage campaign I used to repel the accusation that women were without genius by alleging that when they took hold of more of the earth and could afford to have two meat meals a day they would develop genius, I was within a phrase's breadth of a prophecy. For when the women of England went into munition works and had two meat meals a day they immediately developed enough industrial genius to win them the vote. English feminists felt, of course, great gratitude to these exponents of feminism and felt a passionate concern for all schemes for their well-being. Our experience may be of use to America, which by now knows a similar gratitude.

The women munition-makers are in our English factories by the million, enormously efficient, exquisitely and heartrendingly conscientious. They are also beautiful as one had no conception working-class women could be beautiful, because they are well nourished; because they are released from the effort at elegance and present their beauties in the plain frame of uniform; and because it is the ironic truth that except in the T. N. T. works and the aeroplane shops where " dope " varnish is used the conditions of war work are better for women than the conditions of peace work, since there is a predisposition to efficiency in the engineering trades which makes even the most careless employer keep his works cleaner and tidier than a laundry or a tailor's workroom.

Perhaps it would be as well if the girls were not so beautiful. For as the employers gaze on them they perceive this beauty and suddenly realize that these efficient and conscientious workers are women.

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To this perception they react in different ways. It enrages that not inconsiderable number of men who cannot endure that women should do anything but serve the sexual needs of men, preferably in the disadvantageous position of the prostitute. I have heard one such employer murmur out of the fulness of his heart as he looked on the mild girls who were performing miracles of productivity in his old-fashioned factory, "I wish I could beat the hussies." Another type finds comfort in contemplating the gentler attributes of women. Always I have been told that manly men find inspiration in feminine docility and helplessness, but I never understood how it was that the negative qualities of one sex evoked the positive qualities of the other till I heard the manager of a branch of a great corporation remark, "What I like about these women is that there's no damn trade unionism about them," and subsequently discovered the ingenious system he had established to swindle the girls out of their dues for overtime. But in the majority of employers, decent men whose minds do not do original work save on the specific problems of their businesses, the realization that they are employing large numbers of women rouses that vague warm feeling called chivalry, and they resolve to look after the comfort of these women with a special care.

There are certain obvious ways in which the employer, and nobody else, can look after the comfort of his workers. In almost every munition center there is, or was until recently, a shortage of housing which nullified the benefit the workers might have expected from their high wages. About eighteen months ago I visited a Midland town where the girls, although they were earning from twenty-five to fifty shillings instead of the fifteen to eighteen shillings which was their weekly wage in peace time, were living in conditions more unhealthy and uncomfortable than they had ever endured before. It was common for a girl on the day shift to go back to a bed from which a worker on the night shift had just risen. Girls on a twelve hour shift would have to lodge an hour and a half from the factory, so that their working day amounted to fifteen hours. To get a roof over their heads they would have to put up with dirt, bad cooking, rowdy companions, and above all extortionate charges; the poor also can cheat the poor, I have known the wives of foremen earning over five pounds a week to charge a girl fifteen shillings a week for bed and breakfast. Nor could the girls get the meals they required during their working hours, for many of the landladies were unable or unwilling to prepare food for them to take to the factory, and the existing eating houses were unable to cater for an industrial population that has quadrupled since the beginning of the war.

These conditions had to be remedied by the building and organization of hostels and canteens, and averse though one is from the employer having any concern in the workers' lives outside the workshop it seems impossible for anybody but the employer to undertake this duty. For this new labor, drawn from all parts of the country and from industries such as domestic service and the sweated trades that are unfavorable to unionism, is peculiarly incohesive and helpless, and the Ministry of Munitions is young and overworked. Moreover, it must be admitted by even the most belligerent feminist, that there are ways in which these women must be protected because they are women, and the employer must maintain a more vigilant discipline in his works than he needed when the mass of his employees were men. For there is no end to the trouble men give women by their habit of going to prostitutes, and it has frequently happened that procuresses have entered munition works in order to induce the more attractive girls to go on the streets. The girls have a right to be protected from this kind of molestation.

In the main the employers have performed these duties adequately and here and there have shown a certain magnificence. Sometimes with state assistance and sometimes without it they have built very decent canteens and hostels and where their land permitted it (a very real difficulty in industrial urban districts) recreation rooms. But unfortunately the employers have shown a tendency to hand over the management of these canteens and hostels to "voluntary workers": that is, untrained women of the upper and middle classes. They are, of course, already a familiar feature in English public life. The woman's side of a certain convict prison is practically governed by a dowager Duchess, a lady lecturer on sexual hygiene to one of the largest training colleges with no other qualification than that of being the wife of a suffragan bishop.

Ordinarily they justify their existence by a quality which one can only call horsepower: energy working without relation to intellect or emotion. But in this case the women who are sent to the manufacturers by one or other of the religious and philanthropic societies have justified their existence by extraordinary devotion and self-forgetfulness. It is not nice to spend one's life yawning through the interminable hours between the night-workers' meals; nor to immure oneself in a high explosives town ten miles from anywhere. And though the evidence as to their efficiency is conflicting I am aware of a wooden barracks on a lonely hill which the members of a religious organization have turned into a beautiful and habitable dwelling house for a colony of cordite-makers,

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and the canteens managed by the same organization are said to be clean and well managed. Other and bitter complaints merely prove that the work of these women as a whole is just such a spirited but uneven performance as one would expect from a loosely disciplined body of devoted but untrained workers.

But indeed the position of these women is wrong with such a fundamental wrongness that it is hardly relevant to weigh the evidence as to their efficiency. There is an economic unseemliness about their proceedings which no amount of good work could outweigh. The present conditions of industry are not temporary. After the war this fever heat of productivity will continue and the whole force of capital will be exerted to keep labor working in the factories they have built in this crisis. So there will still be congestion of the industrial centers and a shortage of housing (which indeed has been a feature of English life since Mr. Lloyd George's first drastic Finance Act) that will make the provision of hostels for unmarried workers a matter of necessity; and these conditions and the high price of food will give a new importance to the factory canteen. Hence it is absolutely necessary that now, when the public mind is conscious of what it owes to labor, a class of regular workers shall be formed which will attend to the hostels and the canteens efficiently and to the satisfaction of the employees who use them. But the presence of these middle class women actively militates against the formation of such a class, and in many cases they sap the employer's sense of responsibility by giving him voluntary help. They give too much of the work an impermanent character; for at the end of the war many of them will be reabsorbed by their social duties and others will consider that while the workers have a claim on the patriotic so long as they make shells they lose it when they turn to making chemicals, with the result that the girls will be left to fend for themselves just at the time when the public will have forgotten its gratitude to labor.

But even that impermanence is preferable to the cases where the work is being established on a permanent basis by the collection of subscriptions from the charitable. It is repugnant enough to the modern sense that religious organizations should administer funds of the stupendous size which war charities can collect today, and when one learns that a men's society of this kind has by the profits of its canteens and the prudent use of its subscriptions acquired dock property worth four and a half million one fears the formation in England of a parasite body of religious workers who will possess all the defects of the Catholic orders without their discipline or their æsthetic grace. Yet that is a secondary matter compared to the immediate economic evils of their intervention. At present great corporations which have returned thousands to the Treasury as excess profits tax are paying their employees such low wages that the associations which own the hostels cannot charge the girls an economic rent, and have to make up the deficit from public subscriptions. That is, the associations induce the public to subsidize these industries in a way highly disadvantageous to the employees. For until the women are paid wages which will make the provision of board and lodging for them a business proposition they will never be able to ensure that the canteens and hostels will be run to their satisfaction. And until then they must submit to the supervision of women who are wholly without understanding of economic conditions, who are by their birth and upbringing hostile to the freedom of the people.

That hostility is the most dangerous feature of this undesirable contact. There is dark significance about the remark, so constantly made by these philanthropic workers, that "of course the nicest girls to deal with are those who have been servants," for we know that in fact domestic service does not make by any means the nicest girls, that by its suppression of all qualities save docility it actually produces the majority of prostitutes. It arouses a suspicion that docility is the quality they desire to cultivate. And it must be remembered that, however well they may mean, they come of a class which believes in the tutelage of women and labor, and the fact that they belong to religious organizations argues that they possess uncritical minds which are likely to retain those beliefs even under a topdressing of suffragism and "interest in social problems."

A massive carelessness about the battle for improved material conditions which ought to be the first concern of the workers, and a naïve faith that what labor needs is to be combed and brushed and have a little lavender water on its handkerchief, and that whether a girl is a unionist or not is a small matter besides whether she gets kissed under a lamp-post, combine to produce a state of mind which is summed up in a remark made in my presence by a member of the executive committee of one of these associations. She was standing in the admirable canteen provided by a certain firm for its employees and she was looking round her with an expression of distaste, for it was her modest ambition to persuade the government to hand over to her association (which was wholly without prestige in the eyes of labor) the management of all canteens and hostels. "All very well in its way," she said, pointing disdainfully at the excellent roast beef, "but *we* have flowers on our tables. Only paper flowers, it is true, but it is just

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these little things that make for refinement." I cannot believe that it is good for members of a sex whose danger is always infantilism to be under the supervision of minds such as these.

For these reasons the creation by the Ministry of Munitions of a new class of trained Welfare Workers was greatly interesting.

REBECCA WEST.

Exempted

I HAVE been exempted from service in the first draft army.

That is why I did not march down the Avenue with the others last week. They are at Yaphank, sleeping, if it be possible, on straw mats, and eating army soup; while I sit opposite Alice and serve what little meat one can buy these days, and at night go to bed on box springs.

I'm glad I was not there on the sidewalk to watch them march. Better to have seen them in the movies later, in the dark where no one could notice the shivering thrill that went through me, and the wet on my face.

Why do I want to be with them and at the same time to stay—and each so strongly?

The other day I tried to explain it, academically, not specifically, to Alice, but I'm afraid I made a sorry mess of it. She thinks she understands men, but she doesn't. Women don't, when it comes to fighting. Neither do men.

Why should I want to leave all that I love best in the world, wife, home, friends, and exchange them for an unhandsome suit of khaki, a straw shake-down and a five-o'clock reveille?—realizing, too, coldly and without glamour, what follows reveille when an army goes to war.

I don't! . . ? I stay because I want to stay. Duty? No. If only a sense of duty held me at home, I could not be my wife's husband; she knows men well enough to recognize love when she sees it. Yet love for one's wife and home is no excuse for one's staying away from the war, everyone knows that.

Do I want to go because I love war? No, I hate it. What I should do in the thick of battle, I don't know, but, sitting here alone with my pipe, I shudder at the thought of putting a bayonet through live flesh. More welcome, almost, were the thought of enemy steel in my own. Nor is it sense of duty. They don't need me yet. Without me, there are enough to fill Yaphank to overflowing and to pack the scuppers of every transport our Mr. Daniels can mobilize in a year.

Nevertheless I envy every olive drab uniform I pass. I gaze longingly into windows filled with military equipment and knick-knacks. I have been tempted even to buy a wrist watch. I feel a surge of—not shame, but kind of dumb embarrassment and green anger when I talk with a shoulder-strapped, beleggined officer-youth who is teaching the hand salute to what might have been my fellow-rookies down there on the Long Island sand waste.

Alice is the best sport in the world; but she wept when my draft notice came, and clung to me desperately as if I were to leave at five o'clock the next morning. She minded very little the prospect of having to make her own living if I went, of having to give up our home and our hopes of a little third occupant of it. But she minded terribly the whistle of bullets, the scream of shells and the icy mud of the first line trenches amid which her vivid imagination pictured me.

Did I want to go then? Not, as they say, so you could notice it!

But fancy going to my local Board and telling them that I could not go to war, because I loved my wife and she had wept at the thought of its inconveniences and discomforts.

So I based my claim for exemption on that beautifully poetic and patriotic ground specified by Congress: the economic dependence of my wife. What an inspiring excuse for both of us! How I groveled in it! How I lavished my self-respect upon it! How my patriotism fed on the mud of it!

But I grasped at it, knowing that Congress in its supreme wisdom counted my home as nothing in its value to the country as compared with my salary, knowing that it had discounted all the potentialities my wife and I had together created—our depth of mutual understanding, our capacity and ambition to bring children into the world—in favor of the few dollars I carried home each Saturday night.

May the members of my Local Board some day realize my gratitude for the flash of understanding they sent across the table to me as I answered the questions they were required to ask!

So now I am out of it, for the present. We have forgotten the bullets and shells and muddy trenches. We have gone back to the old tranquil, happy life together, Alice and I.

At least, so the world thinks. But the world does not see what is going on behind the closed shutters of our souls, the struggle that continues day after day, silent, mutually understood, but never vocalized, between two primitive human passions: love of a man and a woman, and love of comradeship in a fight.

Alice is on her guard. She suspects me, even when my face is blankest. When she sees the war-bubbles rising towards the surface, she puts her arms around my neck and tells me that I'm doing a service for my country by holding down

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my job, and that if the country needs me for other work it should import me to Washington where my brain would be worth many times more than my trigger finger in the trenches. Of course, I don't tell her that I'm holding down my job, not because I'm working, but because I have acquired skill in making my employers believe that I'm working; and she hasn't seen Washington and the overcrowded brains at work down there; and I'm terribly set up by her subtle flattery.

So, I rise manfully to the need, accept the challenge. We go out together in the evening. I choose for my victim the most intelligent semi-professional war debater I can find. I ask him what he thinks about the conscription of married men before the available unmarried men have been taken. Being unmarried himself, he girds up his loins and we go to it. I defend married men and their cause. I speak loudly and bang the arm of my chair. He becomes personal. "What," he asks, "will my sons say twenty years hence when their schoolmates ask them why their father wasn't a soldier in the Great War? What will they think of me?" I become dramatic, ruffle my hair and pace up and down the floor. "My sons," I exclaim, looking him in the eye, "will say that if their father had gone to war, he would probably have had no sons."

And Alice flushes with pride when I thus force my opponent into a corner—as I always do, having right on my side—and we go home very happy.

And the next morning, on my way to the office, I stop and gaze at "Officers' Caps, $5.00," "Real Cowhide Puttees," "Soldiers' Wrist Watches, $2.00 Up." The office clock smilingly greets me half an hour late, and I smile back. There's just so much less time to kill.

M—19

The New York Mayoralty Campaign

I

Sizing up Mitchel's Opponents

JOHN PURROY MITCHEL, Fusion Mayor of New York, having given the city an administration which is regarded by most municipal reformers as being among the very last words in municipal administrative technique, and having vigorously supported the war against Germany, now finds himself opposed for reëlection, in a desperately difficult campaign, by three regular party candidates, Socialist, Republican, Democratic, each one of whom claims that he is a real out-and-out people's liberal and that Mitchel is a Servant of Special Privilege and each one of whom, further, in the course of his liberalism, is offering to the government of the United States, in its war against Germany, a support which is clouded by equivocation or by silence or by outright assertion of anti-war principle or by close personal and political association with men who openly demand that no American soldiers be sent to Europe.

Hillquit, the Socialist candidate, is running really as an old-fashioned international anarchist. His great issue is an immediate peace, an immediate separate peace, a withdrawal by America. The connection between this sort of international non-resistance and the practical Socialist proposition of the common ownership of the means of production and distribution is clearer in books than it is elsewhere. Hillquit is distinctly a bit Teutonic in his temperament in such matters. He has a "Weltanschauung," as complete and as unpickable as a Yale lock. "Es steht geschrieben" that capitalism is the cause of war. And then in vain, for instance, do places like the Balkans spread their net of racial, linguistic, cultural, sentimental belligerencies in the sight of this bird. He will not be trapped. The Cause is "geschrieben" still, and so is The Remedy. In practice, in results, this remedy is nothing but a variant on the old Victorian non-interventionist concave pacifism of John Bright. Look on at wars abroad, and vote for anti-war candidates at home. While Germany spreads ruin through Europe, let Americans vote for anti-war candidates, pledged to the coöperative commonwealth. While Germany subsequently spreads ruin through America, let Britons vote for anti-war candidates, pledged to the coöperative commonwealth. In this way we shall have a sort of race between the emergence of the coöperative commonwealth and the wreck of the universe.

It is difficult to understand how any liberal of any genuinely contemporary type can vote for this program or, till Hillquit stops promoting it, for Hillquit. It simply substitutes the coöperative commonwealth for John Bright's Universal Free Trade as a future world achievement and world-condition, problematic, undeniably distant, in immediate default of which, for an uncertain number of generations, the world must continue to send its sons in millions to slaughter. Hillquit is not a Judas. He is an Ephraim, wedded to ancient idols. Contemporary direct pacifism, the pacifism of Kerensky, the pacifism of the British Labor Party, the pacifism of Wilson, interventionist pacifism,

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which is most definitely interested in wars abroad, which desires not merely fragments of peace but peace, which proposes to make all nations together the custodians of peace, and which will end by stripping our present sort of capitalism of two of its strongest allies, national aggression and national insecurity, simply does not seem to have found its way into any really fertile crevice in Hillquit's mind. Enraged patriots would attack him with more success if they could realize that this radical is a benighted conservative.

And he is rich in the personal virtues of the benighted conservative of fine temper: bookishness, good manners, conversational charm, technical acumen, honesty, a scrupulous sportsmanship in controversy (as shown by his avoidance of the gutter scandals with which the Republican candidate and the Democratic candidate are now trying to drench Mitchel), a very considerable skill in the management of practical negotiations, an excellent command of quotations from the standard authorities of his intellectual club and a manifest dislike for new and painful ideas. Among Mitchel's opponents, Hillquit would surely make the best mayor administratively, and for character. As one of Mitchel's admirers has remarked, "The Socialist candidate is at any rate a gentleman."

He cannot get elected because, after all, in spite of being a gentleman, he is a Socialist, and because, also after all, there is less general applause for him with his outright assertion of the principle of an immediate separate peace than there is for the motor-cars that went through the New York streets last week filled with conscripted men bearing banners with that lovely device:

No more notes from Wilson,
We're sending Bill a draft.

He cannot get elected, but it is supposed by everybody at this writing that he will immensely enlarge the Socialist vote; and the sharp point of that prospect is that any such immense enlargement, drawn necessarily from the "independent" elements in the electorate, will hurt the "independent" candidate, Mitchel, much more than it can possibly hurt the candidates officially Republican and Democratic.

Bennett, the candidate officially Republican, is a grotesque illustration of the collapse of Republican leadership. That leadership, in New York, the crown of it, did not want Bennett at all. It wanted Mitchel. It ran Mitchel, as a passenger, in the Republican primaries. It undertook to carry him through. It failed. It could not get out its own people at its own primaries for its own recognized and heralded favorite. The vote was shockingly light, and it was also marred by numerous irregularities; and Bennett, despised and neglected, won.

He won with particular ease in certain German districts. Following the august precedent set for him within his own party last fall, he said nothing that destroyed the German suspicion that he, in comparison with his rival, was a reasonable man. In fact, he said absolutely nothing, on this topic, so much and so continuously that Hillquit was quite justified in challenging him to make a full and frank statement of his views. He continued to snub the war, and he had his reward. In certain German districts of Brooklyn he rolled up a majority which amounted to the whole of his final city-wide majority multiplied by four.

Considering this incident as a whole, in our largest municipality, and considering Mayor Thompson, in our next largest municipality, and considering La Follette, who now clearly outshines Vardaman in the national field, and considering the memories of the Hughes campaign, is it not time for the Republican Party to let itself be persuaded to attempt the task of making some sort of definite, collective, Republican contribution to the progress and policy of this war? In the matter of taxation, in the matter of the prices of commodities for the general public, in the matter of organization at Washington for governmental purposes, in the matter of the elaboration of our present war aims, in the matter of our general future international relationships, the administration has often been hesitant and dilatory or secretive and perplexing and has left large gaps of time and large gaps of purpose which the Republican Party could have filled with well considered proposals and well formulated programs bearing the permanent stamp of a Republican origin and constituting a permanent Republican record.

Few men would deny that a country should have either a Coalition or an Opposition; and if Wilson is partly to blame for our having no Coalition, the Republican Party is wholly to blame for our having no Opposition. Its failure is bad for the country and, surely, not very good for itself. The Democrats have a record, in the White House, and it effaces Vardaman and Reed and other sporadic misfortunes. The only place where the Republicans can make a record is in the Capitol, and as long as they make none there that is definitely and discernibly and distinctively Republican they are bound to see their own inevitable sporadic misfortunes showing glaringly on the resultant blank.

Bennett is a misfortune of several varieties. He professes, with sincerity, a withering liberalism. He will deliver the city from "real estate rings" and from "the rule of the financial interests." That point will be considered in an ensuing article. What underlies it in Bennett's mind is his passion for municipal economy, and what he means by

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municipal economy was clearly shown when he vehemently attacked Mitchel's soundest and most outstanding municipal fiscal achievement—the locally famous " Pay-As-You-Go " plan.

The City of New York was borrowing huge sums of money to invest in improvements, such as streets and school buildings, from which it derives no revenue. Mitchel laid down the principle that the city should borrow money only for improvements, such as subways or docks, from which a revenue, in the way of rentals or otherwise, would be forthcoming. Non-revenue-producing investments, holding out no prospect of future income, should be met out of present income. This genuine liberalism, which refuses to saddle the present on the future, aroused Bennett's peculiar resentment. It raised the tax-rate. It is not unfair to Bennett to say that, in general, his temperature rises and falls with the tax-rate. He is the foe of " the financial interests " *and the tax-rate.*

So, too, is the Democratic candidate, Hylan. Hylan is all out for a people's city and an instant drastic reduction of the tax on real estate. Those liberals who have been closing in on the landlord all over the world may find it hard to believe that these two purposes can reside in the same mind, but they can and do, in Bennett's and in Hylan's. In Hylan's the connection is philosophically systematized. The increase in the tax-rate is due primarily to the passion of the " Money Power " and of " Rockefeller Foundation Autocracy " for " experts." They have imposed these " experts," through Mitchel, on the City of New York. If Hylan is elected, he will, according to his own promise, " fill the outgoing trains with ' experts.' " He will not tolerate them in New York. They represent an anti-democratic theory of government. " The ancient Greeks," says Hylan, " called it aristokratia, from which our modern word aristocracy is derived. The present term for it in New York is ' Government by Experts.' " It makes no difference to Hylan that these " experts " are all of them in subordinate technical positions, appointed and controlled by the elected representatives of the people. They are not in harmony with " the conception of government held by Abraham Lincoln," and he is going to banish them. That is Plank One in his personal platform of three planks. Plank Two is " Public Ownership of All Public Utilities," in which I, for one, wish him Godspeed. Plank Three is an efficiency which will " promote service while reducing taxation." Whatever else Hylan may forget, he never forgets to reduce taxation.

He forgot the war a great deal and, like Bennett, had to be challenged by Hillquit to remember it, but he cannot remember it much, in any effectively loyal manner, as long as one of his two chief backers is Hearst, any more than he can ever accomplish " Public Ownership of Public Utilities " or any other municipal reform, in any effectively liberal manner, as long as his other chief backer is Murphy of Tammany.

Hearst's New York German newspaper, the " Deutsches Journal," early this year said: " Never before has a war been so clearly and exclusively waged for the sake of culture and of culture alone . . . *for no other purpose than* to find out whether the luminous German thought shall be victorious or not in Europe." This " luminous German thought," leaping the Atlantic, fills the Hearst newspaper offices with a complexity of thought as baffling as that of Michaelis himself. If Hylan, as Mayor, follows Hearst through all his moods, he will weep at the thought of slaughter in Europe and demand the invasion of Mexico and call upon the United States to fight this war powerfully and deplore the Revenue Bill because it raises so much money and summon hosts of airplanes to crush the Germans on the western front and insist upon it that our soldiers stay at home to guard our coasts. Hylan is not merely supported by Hearst. He is, and has long been, a part of the Hearst political outfit. He has been faithful to Hearst through all of Hearst's most slippery disloyalties. To say that he would be unfaithful to him after election is simply to accuse him of a double lack of character. And it is Hylan that most people now expect to see Mayor of New York, a Hearst patriot, an anti-expert municipal scientist.

As for Murphy, his reason for taking Hylan, who is not a Tammany chieftain, is a sort of summary of the political consequences of the modern growth of municipal government. Tammany can no longer feel sure that it can elect one of the " faithful " with the votes of the " faithful " to the mayoralty. The ranks of the " faithful " are getting thinned by government itself. Public service corporations, regulated by public service commissions, provide fewer political jobs, clerical or manual, to keep the " faithful " " faithful." Municipal contractors, compelled to live up to their contracts, are obliged to develop scientific organizations, with " experts," and cannot clutter their pay rolls as heavily as in times past with a multitude of political favorites grateful to Tammany for the favor. As policing improves, as Mitchel, for instance, reduces felonies by a third and murders by one hundred a year, the number of professional criminals, always peculiarly amenable to being coerced into faithfulness, diminishes. This is the negative development. But there is a positive development, too, in its beginnings. The city begins

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to provide its citizens with opportunities for recreation which leave them less dependent than they were before on the patriarchal outings and picnics and other parties of the politicians. Under Mitchel the permits for games in public parks trebled in two years. Neighborhood centers increased from 56 to 140. And the city begins to make Tammany's well known charitableness less imperative and less vote-compelling. It establishes "widows' pensions" and employment bureaus and milk stations and many other first-aids to distress. It introduces its positive program even into the police force. Thousands of boys are organized into Junior Police, paternally drilled by the policemen themselves, and in the station houses appear neighborhood Christmas trees. A dent is made in the political value of Tammany's old game of protecting the poor boy and the poor man against the brutality of Tammany's own police. For such reasons, scores of them, Tammany's bought "faithful," its rank-and-file voting "faithful," have been dwindling from a compact army to scattered platoons, until Tammany's ruling and guiding "faithful," contemplating a mayoralty campaign, are driven to seeking allies and, actually, to seeking "issues."

In this campaign Murphy chose his "issue" with the maximum of malice. Tammany has always betrayed the poor to the rich. But there does exist in New York today a very considerable feeling against certain rich persons, certain great groups of rich persons, who have given Mitchel their support and who now appear prominently in the Mitchel Fusion Committee. It is a feeling represented by Hylan with exceptional passionateness and pugnaciousness. It is a feeling swollen by preparedness and by war, when "munitions-makers" and "profiteers" are large in the minds of all of us and when every country, after its fashion, has its Bolsheviki. Murphy saw the time, the issue and the man, and took them. He is no utter fool yet.

Has Mitchel, in fact, governed for the rich against the poor? This we shall consider in the next issue.

WILLIAM HARD.

A COMMUNICATION

To German-Americans

LAST April The New Republic put the question: "Can the Hohenzollerns survive?" It closed its editorial with the dictum that "the German-Americans are in a peculiarly favorable position to appreciate the full force of this argument [against the Hohenzollerns], and when they see it, as they give many indications of doing, to give to it the most effective possible expression," and it voiced the belief that "a public statement from responsible German-American sources, issued at the right moment, which demanded the retirement of the Hohenzollerns, might do much to bring that consummation to pass."

There can be no doubt that "the German-Americans are in a peculiarly favorable position to appreciate the full force of this argument." But it is just this appreciation of the full force of the argument which prevents them from issuing a statement or the statements suggested or expected by The New Republic.

To the German-Americans it matters not whether the House of Hohenzollern occupies the German throne or the House of Wittelsbach or any other House. That, according to their political conception, is a question for the German people alone to decide. Nor does it matter to them whether Germany remains a monarchy or becomes a republic. This, again, is held by them to be a problem for the German nation itself to settle.

What does matter to the German-Americans are the relations which the present Germany maintains and which the future Germany will maintain with the country of our allegiance as well as the source and the character of the responsibility of those shaping the present and the future Germany's foreign relations.

The New Republic might find a readier response to its plea if it should argue the question: Whether the present German government, if continued in its existing form, could vouchsafe satisfactory and amicable relations with the United States and the rest of the world for the nearest and for the farthest future, or whether the source and the character of the responsibility of those controlling such relations would have to be changed in order to insure acceptable relations. To such a question an answer might be given by "responsible German-American sources," which would consider that change from absolutist to popular, from imperial to parliamentary responsibility of the German government, essential to an early peace and to future harmonious intercourse.

In his reply to the Pope's peace note the President has made it clear beyond the shadow of a doubt that the United States is not intent on prolonging the conflict, and that the American people would not tolerate the continuation of the war beyond the day on which America could enter upon peace parleys at the invitation of a German government willing to accept its authority from, and to admit its responsibility to, the people's representatives in the Reichstag. But the President has made it equally clear that there can and will be no peace until that day has arrived.

Who will deny that all America would rejoice if peace were restored on conditions acceptable to all concerned without the destruction of hundreds of thousands of American sons, brothers, husbands and fathers? German-Americans would twice rejoice if, for the same reason, not only the lives of their fellow citizens but also those of their blood kindred in the old home land would be spared! The American citizen of German birth or descent carries indeed a load heavier than that of his fellow Americans and he should

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and he does yearn for peace all the more fervently. German-Americans, even those born and reared abroad, have, to a man, proved true to the voice of their duty to the land of their adoption. But, as theirs is a twofold burden, a twofold suffering, so is their obligation, their opportunity, to serve, twofold.

Where the President's statement, backed by the approval of Americans of other than German blood, might be scoffed at or received with resentment or prejudice by those to whom addressed, the voice of the brother, the voice of one's own blood will find a responsive hearing. When others may appear to demand, we can reason, we can plead. Where others may fail—there we are bound to succeed!

Fellow citizens of German blood, is not the prize worth the effort? And if it is—is not our course clear?

What the President has declared to be a prerequisite to peace, what our fellow Americans have sanctioned, what we, too, tacitly approve and, if necessary, should not hesitate to acclaim aloud and in public—this is nothing new, nothing unthinkable, nothing degrading to our kinsmen beyond the sea nor to their government. For decades it has been the burning wish of the vast majority of the German people. And those of us who were born and reared yonder know from personal experience that the German people have in the years past not been content with merely nursing their desires. But we also know that their way to achieve the goal for which they are striving is not violence, not revolution but the natural, if slower but none the less surer, process of evolution. The present, however, is propitious for a speedier consummation of their hopes than warranted by ante-bellum conditions. Unexpectedly the war has put undreamed of opportunities and powers into the hands of the progressive and democratic elements favoring electoral reform for Prussia and constitutional and parliamentary changes for the empire. What they have advocated for years prior to the outbreak of the war, what they have urgently requested even before our entry into the conflict, they have since repeated as a polite but forceful demand. Their voice has been heard and has been met by the powers that heard it with the promise of speedy redress of existing conditions.

The ground is fertile. It is prepared. The seed has been sown. Let not the resentment of foreign pressure, nor the fear of undesired interference from outside stifle the sprouting crop. Let not misunderstood, and therefore misjudged, voices from without drown the cry from within! Let us, their own blood, extend the hand of encouragement and the call of sympathy!

In the English column of the New Yorker Staats-Zeitung of September 11th Mrs. W. C. G. in gentle terms criticizes the German-Americans because "they have seemed passive in their loyalty." She feels that "much, if not all, that the President has said has been misunderstood by the German people," that "this lack of understanding is the great stumbling block in the way of peace." Cannot then the German-Americans, so she pleads, "do much towards helping remove it" and in this way do their "bit" for "their adopted land" and, at the same time, "be of the greatest assistance to the old home land?" With the faith of the believer she asserts that "a little more action, a little more effort on their part might greatly help to clear the atmosphere of misunderstanding and misconception, and give them a place here such as they never held before."

Her suggestion is that of "a meeting on neutral ground between leading German-Americans who enjoy the confidence of the [American] government, and influential German progressives," and hers is the conviction that the American government would not block the way to any honest effort.

But the way does not matter, not right now. The way always is found if, and when, the will first has asserted itself!

Thus, German-Americans, fellow citizens of German blood—what do you say?

JOHANNES MATTERN.

Baltimore, Maryland.

CORRESPONDENCE

Distorting the Conscription Issue

SIR: Allow me to thank you for your issue of September 15th. As a young American registered and liable to draft I have a most vital interest in the discussions in the press of the war aims of our government. In a democracy the effectiveness of such aims and policies depends upon the interpretation and support which they receive at the hands of the people. It has, therefore, been painful to see that a portion of our press and a number of our civil officials have seen fit to attempt the suppression of much legitimate and even necessary discussion. There are many younger men who believe that the truculent attitude of such papers as the Outlook and the New York Times is hostile to the real American spirit; there are many to whom participation in the war is tolerable only in the faith that the policy of our administration is truly characterized by that liberality which the New Republic attributes to it. To such the issue of the 15th offers a special encouragement.

As an example of a policy as unwise as that of the journals you have mentioned I should like to call attention to the utterances of the Army League of the United States in their "Defense Bulletin" issued in July.

The chief aim of the League as outlined in the Bulletin is the immediate effort to create a large permanent army and a system of universal military service. It urges that such a procedure is necessary so that America may be ready for "the next great war." In support of such a policy it calls attention to the fact that registration under the draft approximated the estimates of the Census Bureau. "This," it concludes, "is taken to indicate that the support of the principle of universal military service is general throughout the country."

Surely such a policy is untimely. It is not called forth by the present situation which has been met by the temporary increase of the army and by conscription. In looking for a "next great war" it is hostile to the administration and to the spirit in which America has entered the present conflict. Our valid aim is not that of national conquest nor simply of German subjugation but the creation of a more enduring international peace—one that shall make for a reduction, not an increase, of armament. The proposal of the Army League presupposes that our aims in the present war are futile. Further, the creation by America at this time of a large permanent army or even the knowledge that we fostered ambitions of creating such

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an army, would cast suspicion upon our present motives. At the time of settlement it might well affect our position as a disinterested power and imperil the principles for which we are fighting.

The Bulletin seems to me guilty of gross misinterpretation of the facts of conscription. Millions of young men have complied with a rigid law; many have done so unwillingly, some only after protest, some have obeyed only under threat of arms, others have altogether refused. Only those that have offered some sort of a protest have expressed themselves as to the value and validity of military service. The others have obeyed a law in whose making they had no voice, a law called forth by a particular situation for a limited length of time. They may or may not believe in universal military service. About this they have told us nothing. Their action in registering can hardly indicate an opinion with regard to conscription and has not the remotest value as applied to a permanent military system after the war. The attempt to make it appear as an endorsement of any military policy is either due to a lack of logic or to a desire to misrepresent the attitude of those that framed the measure and those that have been called upon to comply with it.

Finally not even the activities of the most open anti-war group seem to me more likely to cause disaffection among the draft than the knowledge that their service is to be the subject of such opportunistic treatment as that which the present Bulletin seems to indicate is the policy of the Army League.

LEONARD OUTHWAITE.

Old Bennington, Vermont.

The Bias of Neutrality

SIR: May one who has long admired the candid and scientific work of Mr. De Jong van Beek en Donk venture to bring forward one consideration in reply to his letter quoted by "X. X. X." in your correspondence columns of September 15th?

The letter would seem rather to assume than to prove the point that the neutral mind is necessarily more objective and therefore more likely to apprehend truth than the partisan mind. We admit that minds long partisan must guard themselves against a tendency to suffer warp, but is it not possible also that the mind which has long held to neutrality may acquire a bias toward neutrality which tends to interfere with an impartial weighing of partisan points of view? Is the neutral mind sufficiently open to the possibility that one side may be in the main internationally right in this conflict—*right,* judged by the standard of the permanent freedom, security and progress of all nations—and the other side internationally wrong? Is it not possible that the phrases which Mr. De Jong van Beek en Donk complains of as so often uttered that they have grown mechanical may have a meaning to which neutral ears have become dulled? May they perhaps be largely true phrases? Is it perhaps the truth that certain forces and tendencies in Germany have brought so great wrong upon humanity that the German people as a whole ought clearly to understand and unequivocally to repudiate those forces and tendencies, however painful it may be for them to do so? And in the long run may President Wilson be none the less likely to gain the confidence of the new forces in Germany because he has uttered the truth and has not hesitated to deal the faithful wounds of a friend?

JULIA GRACE WALES.

Madison, Wisconsin.

Negro Folk Songs

SIR: I notice with much interest in your issue of September 8th the reference to the epic quality in the Negro race. It may interest your readers to know that Schirmer has now in press the first volume of a collection of Negro songs which have been carefully studied under the auspices of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute by Miss Natalie Curtis—the author of the Indians' Book which attracted the attention of scholars and scientific students throughout the world.

Miss Curtis has gone thoroughly into the work of developing the connection between the music of some of the African tribes and their descendants in the United States.

These volumes will contain both religious and secular songs and will, I feel confident, deserve and attract the attention of students of folk lore as well as the great number interested in the Negro race which now numbers more than ten per cent of our population. Hampton considered it a most fortunate thing to secure and publish such a study by one so accomplished as writer and musician as Mrs. Natalie Curtis Burton.

GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY.

Saratoga Springs, New York.

From the Associated Press

SIR: In your issue of September 22nd, Charles Merz says:

"In reply to these demands the companies at once issued a statement which denounced 'the I. W. W. and other organizations whose one aim is to paralyze our industries.' In this attitude the companies had the support of the three local newspapers, and accordingly practical local control over Associated Press dispatches. Since the beginning of the strike there has existed the greatest cordiality between the mine owners and the press, and even a measure of cooperation."

Evidently Mr. Merz means to imply that there is coöperation between The Associated Press and the mine owners. During the recent critical disturbances in the West between the mine owners and the I. W. W., The Associated Press has endeavored to have its staff men wherever there have been serious disturbances and to report the happenings fairly.

As to "coöperation" with the mine owners, I may say that The Associated Press is at present endeavoring to induce both the Department of Justice in Washington and the Federal authorities of a certain western state to prosecute officials of the largest mining company in the United States for interference with its dispatches.

FREDERICK ROY MARTIN,
Assistant General Manager,
The Associated Press.

New York City.

Encouragement

SIR: Apropos of The Outlook's comment may I say that bold thinking and courageous utterance, when based on cold sanity, have ever been the shining targets for miscomprehension and reactionary complacency. I disagree with you heartily over many things, large and small, but, fundamentally, a disagreement indicates respect, and that I hold for you in large measure. You are a help in time of trouble.

KYLE D. PALMER.

Columbus, Ohio.

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After the Play

A MAN so virtuous as Bernard Shaw is entitled to one incontinence, but the lifelong habit of debating societies has finally gone to his head. In Getting Married there were parentheses and divergences and footnotes—that play was as chaste as the Parthenon compared with the diffuse Misalliance. It appeared sufficiently long, Misalliance, when one read it. The Faversham production at the Broadhurst Theatre shows how much the eye is quicker than the ear. It is a powerful long performance to sit through, and during it Mr. Shaw shrinks several sizes in the estimate of normally patient men.

It is an amusing production. Mr. Maclyn Arbuckle in particular raises a gale of refreshing laughter as soon as he enters, and his performance as the great Tarleton of Tarleton's Underwear goes far to make the evening hilarious. But subtract Mr. Arbuckle, fix attention on the wily and nefarious dramatist behind him, and one soon realizes how much one is being nourished on wind. The play is shamelessly self-indulgent, an orgy on the part of a man who neither drinks, smokes nor chews. Better for us if Bernard Shaw were as wild as the Yellow Book wanted to be, and kept for his own laxities in Misalliance the eye that he actually had for vaccinators and eaters of shrimps and prawns.

It is all very well to urge that discursiveness is quite possible under the guise of drama, and that the mind may be engaged and satisfied by the lively development of pregnant ideas. Something else is bound to be expected, if the situation that starts the discussion is an emotional situation and the participants in it look like actual men and women. For the convenience of the insuppressibly argumentative, it is necessary to suppose that everyone has a special line of conduct and is perfectly aware of it and is enormously articulate about it and is engaged in discussing it a large part of the day. This assumption, so suitable for the ventilation of ideas, is hopelessly incompatible with the state of mind that a dramatic situation actually begets in the man at a play. What one demands in a play, knowingly or unknowingly, is the conviction that the situation is genuine to its participants, and if the situation is genuine one expects a chemistry of mood and circumstance that has an emotional outcome, satisfying the mind that has been engaged by the issue but also satisfying the heart that, in genuine drama, is the partner of mind. Misalliance is unfortunately farcical in its contempt of such obligations. It makes everyone in the play an exponent of a cause rather than an element in a vital chemistry, and what is developed is not a drama but a series of arguments, a display of ideas rather than a display of their signification.

What could be more superficially comic than the juxtaposition of fastidious Summerhays and the irreverent Hypatia? Or the linking of romantic old Tarleton and the pragmatic Lina Szczepanowska? Or the contrast of young Summerhays, a male who keeps his end up by crying and screaming, and Lina, a female who possesses the sort of physical courage that is supposed to go with comb and spurs? But the fertile invention of Bernard Shaw is not taxed to arouse anything but this easy amusement at his combinations and collisions and contrasts. No emotion in the farce, not that of Tarleton senior or Tarleton junior for Lina, or that of Summerhays senior or Summerhays junior for Hypatia, or that of Hypatia for Percival or Percival for Hypatia, has any employment except to promote amusing comment. And the greatest ardor of all, the ardor of Gunner to murder John Tarleton, is grasped as a supreme chance to turn a laugh.

If the ideas of Misalliance were fresh, one might be content to assume that drama as one long opportunity for opinion. The staleness, the pleasant and friendly staleness, of much of its material, is enough to exclude that possibility. Percival's willingness to bully the clerk as a matter of honor is a happy touch of satire in an excellent scene. Mrs. Tarleton's practical attitude toward her husband's polygamy and her diverting notions of the aristocracy are new elements in that humane maternalism to which the dramatist is so well disposed. But Hypatia's assault on Percival, Johnny Broadbent Tarleton's literalness, the physical cowardice of Summerhays, all suggest that Misalliance was made from chips that littered the dramatist's workshop. And this lack of novelty fixes attention on the perfunctory nature of the drama, especially on the sacrifice of its development to the immediate theatre-laugh.

It is a theatre-laugh, for example, that Gunner earns. The seduction of his mother may or may not have been a joke, but Mr. Shaw plants the poor idiot so that he is merely ludicrous, regardless of his mother's death and everything else. So it is a theatre-laugh, not a laugh of corrective comedy, that attends every suggestion of love in Misalliance. A man in love is no more laughable, really, than a man in a gas-mask. His appearance may be silly, but the question is, what is creating the appearance? To laugh at the grotesque intensity of him is to behave like a child. Yet Mr. Shaw continues to parody the appearances of love and to make them the material of his farce.

It is a little hard on Shaw to blame him for such relaxed behavior. No one has become so serenely at home with the theatre public or is allowed to saunter with such informality among idols. He may sit on the floor where other people sit on chairs, may enter souls without knocking and leave without leave-taking, and each touch of his familiar unusualness is happily anticipated and recognized. There is a certain responsibility on his side, indeed, to meet these expectations of his public. He would be painfully disappointing if his characters did not jump through paper rings or hang their hats on the intellectual gas. But while the luxury of prattle is eagerly permitted to him by scores and hundreds of auditors, including every English-speaking critic, it is absurd not to regret that he is luxuriating, taking his ease in disporting rather than exercising his gifts. While the struggle was on, he tried harder. Now that it is won, he has dropped the discipline of self-criticism and lets his quick-silver mind run loose. The penalty is not apparent. He fills theatres as he never filled them in his heyday. His audiences know when to laugh, if not when to think. But there is a penalty in the end.

In the mossy corners of America, where pride is synonymous with tradition and heads are moulded to fit the metal of inheritance, the name of Shaw is still distasteful and a little alarming. A charlatan, he is still called, a mountebank, a jackanapes, but the substance of his offense to the *ancien régime* of Brooklyn and Hartford and Orange and Boston is what they regard as his smart irreverence. And wherever there is the habit of reverence and the creed of authority, as to property or family or love or seniority or government or taboo, the tone of Shaw has earned a persisting resentment. To give comfort to such people by dispraising a great man would be lamentable, but the dispraise is chiefly because he is becoming less deadly to the enemy. It is his season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, and in this autumnal drama there is less fruitfulness than mist.

F. H.

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A Bit o' Hate

Christine, by Alice Cholmondeley. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

MY name, conveys the author of this book, is Alice Cholmondeley. I am an Englishwoman and I live in London. In May, 1914, my only daughter, Christine, twenty-two years old, left me to go to Berlin to study music. Till the beginning of the fateful month of July, 1914, Christine was in Berlin. Her experience there had proved lonely and trying in many ways, and her sympathetic teacher, practically the only German who had befriended her, insisted on her taking a vacation near Stettin. Until the middle of July she stayed at a forest inn there. Then, partly because of an attractive youth who had become her friend, she accepted an invitation to visit a junker family not far off. Not till after she had become engaged to Herr Leutnant Bernd von Inster, the attractive youth, who would have been a musician had he not been compelled to serve in the army, did she return to Berlin. That was on July 27th or 28th. Till August 4th she endured the fearful situation in Berlin, streets "full of drunken people, shouting up and down with red faces all swollen with excitement." Then she strove to escape. Harried and ill, she reached Halle August 5th, Wurzburg August 6th. On August 8th she was in Stuttgart, in a hospital, and there her collapse came. She died of acute double pneumonia. "The war killed Christine, just as surely as if she had been a soldier in the trenches."

My daughter, Mrs. Cholmondeley in effect continues, wrote to me constantly from May to August. Her letters poured out her young heart not only about "her great gift, which was extraordinary," but about the German people, of whom she received a strong impression because of her eager and receptive and unsuspecting nature. Those letters, "too extreme and sweeping in their judgment," it seemed at first, would never have seen the light if that impression did not now, after the later actions of Germany, appear to explain so much. It is not as if Christine were critical of the Germans. She is a good witness precisely because she wasn't critical, precisely because she could not have foreseen the turn events would take, precisely because she "went there enthusiastically ready to like everything and everybody." It is only now, when the corroboration of an innocent and unwitting spokesman is an addition to a deep indictment, that these letters are given to the world.

How can a mother expose such private and sacred communications to the public? "I am publishing the letters just as they came to me, leaving out nothing," Mrs. Cholmondeley answers. "We no longer in these days belong to small circles, to limited little groups. We have been stripped of our secrecies and of our private hoards. We live in a great relationship. We share our griefs; and anything there is of love and happiness, any smallest expression of it, should be shared too. This is why I am leaving out nothing in the letters." What is so sacred as a mother's grief—and yet Mrs. Cholmondeley is willing to expose it out of sheer patriotism.

The last word of preparation for the letters of Christine is supplied by Mrs. Cholmondeley in the form of a "Publishers' Note." "The Publishers," says Mrs. Cholmondeley, "have considered it best to alter some of the personal names in the following pages." Not the Kaiser's, that is to say, but Herr Bernd von Inster's, and the great musical teacher's, and so on. . . .

In some respects there is method in "Mrs. Cholmondeley," the author of this elaborate fiction. She understands quite well that if there ever had been a person named Christine who did actually write such letters, their publication would indeed throw a glaring light on the German temper and character and be that most impregnable of all arguments, the human document. The mother of such a girl, she is practised novelist enough to perceive, would be in a peculiarly favorable position to lift the veil of privacy with a suppressed sob, and reveal the German torture of a sensitive soul and her final calamity of death. However feeble it might be to allege that the German people are inherently gross, mean, rude, lustful, brutal, there would be no hesitation on anyone's part to accept those same allegations dramatized effectively in a series of poignant letters, antedating the war. To exhibit a lovely young girl driven to ugly conclusions by the inexorable pressure of her experience would have a value beyond any assertion. The English-speaking world is ready to believe ugly things of the Hun, the Hun in saecula saeculorum. Then here, says Mrs. Cholmondeley, here is the crushing proof of the truth of it all, the endorsement and sanction of all your prejudices. Here is what my Christine wrote to me without afterthought or purpose. Out of the mouth of my babe I condemn them.

Were Christine genuine, it would be impressive. Were Christine a "human document," it would confirm many sickening doubts and fears, it would fortify the indictment of a whole people. But whether those doubts and fears are to be sustained or not, Christine will not confirm them or even support them because it is a book obviously composed by a skilful writer of fiction, feeding the appetite for hatred, supplying in detail and with subtle art the "confirmation" which it is natural at this date for groveling natures to relish.

It is not necessary to prove that "Mrs. Cholmondeley's" tears are crocodile tears, or to identify "Mrs. Cholmondeley." We have the publishers' own advertisement that the book is a novel, a "notable addition" to war fiction. Precisely when the publishers made this an "addition" to fiction, it is not important to investigate. It is enough that the heart-throbbing soulful introduction and the scrupulous publishers' note should be known for what they are, pure invention for the sake of giving a pseudo-verisimilitude to the concocted letters of an imaginary girl.

It would be different if a Christine had existed. "Kloster told me Germans divide women into two classes: those they want to kiss, and those they want to kick, who are all those they don't want to kiss." What a thrill of horror such passages as this would give if the girl who chronicled them had later been actually abused and brutalized until she sank to death. But how little corroborative value it has in a piece of anonymous fiction adroitly built up to be heartrending. For if nothing is so convincing as a human document, few things create such a complete reaction as "documents" forged to look human.

If one wants to study the difficult problem of a national character like the German, one prudent thing to do, it seems to me, is to go back to the impressions that responsible men and women had before the self-interest of their own countries became involved. What did Bertrand Russell say about Alsace-Lorraine in his book on German Social Democracy in 1896, and about the German traits that made that rape possible? What did George Meredith say of the Germans in general, and Huxley and Gladstone and Roosevelt and Anatole France and Tolstoy? Out of the uncalculated opinions of such men one may gain a foreview that is seriously worth considering. This is not to

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say that such witnesses will be benign character witnesses for the German people, supporting a simpleton's contention that to understand all is to forgive all, that it is a sign of war-madness to criticize the Germans. On the contrary, I think the net impression to be gained from such observations would be sharply inimical to the Germans. It could scarcely be sympathetic, and have the German national policy so truculent and culpable as it was. But it is a far cry from a deliberate estimate of a dangerous national psychology to such feverishly petty generalizations as are worked up in the pages of Christine. The book is not only fiction parading as fact in respect to its story, it is dubious German psychology composed to meet all sorts of snobbish and morbid requirements. Our cause in the present war and our temper in it do not need such falsification.

F. H.

The Fair Haven

Ingram Bywater, by W. W. Jackson. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.00.

NOT many people will buy Dr. Jackson's charming life of Ingram Bywater, which the Clarendon Press has just published. What, after all, have most of us to do with a Regius Professor of Greek who devoted himself to those by-paths of scholarship in which only the highly initiate may usefully tread? The very men whom he revered are, for most of us, little more than names we encounter, once or twice in a life time, in a bookseller's catalogue. The greatest of specialists is, after all, cursed by the remoteness that attends on specialism. His happiness is the happiness of Browning's grammarian, and most of us feel that it is infinitely pathetic. For it is, in reality, difficult to see the relation between his textual emendations, his careful decision as to the date of a manuscript, his ascription of some fragment to a particular author in a definite century, and, let us say, the eager life in Broadway or the Strand. The oblivion of unreality is about him, and we do no more than note his tombstone as a lawyer notes his cases.

Yet those who do read it can be assured, for two hours, at least, of a perfect haven of rest. It is a happily short book. It has the kind of virtues one associates with a good common-room at Oxford, half-a-dozen flashing epigrams, some good anecdotes about the incomparable Mark Pattison, and the heavy mellowness of old college port above it all. Clearly you are in a backwater here. The things that matter are not the Franco-Prussian war, or the Reform Bill of 1867, or Home Rule. The things you will hear about are the text of Diogenes Laertius, the famous and exquisite edition of the Poetics, the copy of Melancthon's De Anima, with Rabelais' signature on the fly-leaf, which Bywater picked up in a Paris bookstore. There are some useful accounts of the movement for university reform in the sixties, useful because they read so exactly like the account of the demand for university reform in our own day. Here you will meet again the famous doctrine of vested interests that dare not be attacked. Here is the able don who will not mutter heresy because he wants a professorship. Here is the passionate liberal whom a lifetime of failure still leaves rebellious. Old Dean Colet of St. Paul's links himself to John Dewey in this perspective; and the fight for humanism in education has only changed its terms in five hundred years. A backwater maybe; and yet it is curious how all the problems we encounter on a larger stage of life are somehow here.

Ingram Bywater had no politics and little religion. His domestic life rippled its way along so that only the eddies of death disturbed its perfect serenity. What is there in such a life worth telling—so the cynic will be tempted to ask? There is nothing here of the heat and dust of life. Nothing is told that relates to what you and I are thinking and have to think. No one could honestly be advised to embark upon this life if he wanted ease or fame. The great scholars we know are men like Porson, who made a reputation out of beer, or Sir Richard Jebb, who toyed delicately with the House of Commons. You will find men who know to tell you that it is yet true that the kind of work Bywater did is priceless even though it be remote. We, it may be, will never open his Heracleitus, or read his history of the textual criticism of the Poetics. If we are interested in Greece and Rome it is other books that we read.

It is Ferrero and Zimmern and Gilbert Murray who make us see the living fibres of ancient civilization. If a scholar tells us that Ferrero is a dramatist who makes hay —or perhaps corn—of Roman history we only smile. After all, he paints us a Rome that clutches the inmost soul of us and we are content. Mr. Zimmern gave us a description of fifth-century Athens in which Pericles is still speaking and Socrates still liable to meet us as we turn the street corner. Professor Murray can write so that the only thing in the world that seems to matter is what exactly Pisistratus did to the text of the Homeric poems. His Euripides is strangely modern—a fragrant compound of Bernard Shaw and Anatole France. Men such as these answer, in some sort, the problems that have perennial interest. Greece and Rome, like America and England, had problems to answer: how did they confront them? We call the solution they give as interesting as a novel, and the phrase is apt. For they do indeed reconstruct a life, or at any rate some part of it, so that it lives again throbbingly.

I suppose that if you had given Mr. Zimmern's book to Bywater, he would have smiled at it a little. He would have glanced, as every scholar first glances, at its index and found Darwin next to Demosthenes, and Huxley next to Herodotus. Then he would have gone back, perhaps with a warm smile at the eagerness of the new generation, to his texts and emendations. Of course, in one sense, the difference in attitude does represent a real change in intellectual direction. Mr. Zimmern's book, Professor Murray's, could not have been written fifty years ago. Straightforward narrative, even straightforward literary criticism, is very dead. Society and its problems have entered into it; so that even Professor Housman has to find consolation for the editing of Manilius in the writing of the Shropshire Lad.

But there is another side. It is perhaps strange how, in the end, truth really does seem to matter. The work of interpretation depends on the accuracy of the sources it interprets. The Rome of Niebuhr differs from the Rome of Mommsen simply because there are fifty years of hard scholarship in between. You find in Gaul a little inscription that tells how one Decius Brutus of the ninth legion fell there; the scholars fit it into the cadre of a hundred similar inscriptions, supply the letters that time has defaced, date it and pass it to the historian. Then your Mommsen gives you a flashing description of some engagement and you know why Decius Brutus would have been content to die just there. Or it may be a Greek play in which the line limps heavily along. Then your scholar pictures to himself an ignorant copyist earning

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his obols too wearily to pay heed to the words he writes down. What, he asks himself, did Euripides really say? Could he have been so commonplace? You read the result of his labor in some recreated line that must have caught at the hearers' hearts when it was spoken to a generation who had lived its meaning when the Persian thundered at the gate of the Piraeus. Or you are trying to find out whence the doctrine of evolution derives. You have fragments of Heracleitus and they are difficult enough. Then your Bywater takes himself to the manuscripts, reads them, collates them, copies. This and this is wrong because it is out of harmony with another passage. This word is late Greek and an exiled commentator added it from his own experience. Then Heracleitus becomes, almost magically, a coherent body of intelligible doctrine and Zeller can make him live in the noble pages of his interpretation.

It is perhaps a thankless task. Appreciation it can hardly bring save from a few. There were not, in his lifetime, more than some half-dozen scholars really capable of judging his work. Yet of its necessity no one who has ever engaged upon historical writing can have the slightest doubt. There is no question but that men are passionately interested in the past. The study of it is of real assistance to the understanding of our own problems. But, if we are to understand it, we can rest satisfied only with texts so nearly accurate that if their author came back he would without hesitation recognize in each line his handiwork. Only a few men in each generation will have the patience —perhaps courage is a better word—to embark upon the task. It is difficult; it does not make for companionship; it seems to send one away from the joyous clamor of the marketplace. Yet no one can read the life of Bywater and fail to think him happy. He had important work to do that he loved greatly; he did it well. Assuredly there are few better tests of the perfect life.

H. J. L.

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Peacock Pie

Peacock Pie, by Walter de la Mare. With illustrations by W. Heath Robinson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.00.

TO call Mr. de la Mare a conjurer in words is not enough; before that he is a conjurer in measures, which exercise a more nearly instantaneous, therefore subtler and more primitive thraldom. To regard him as rhythmic and nothing else is not enough either. Rather, through the medium of pure rhythm, does he impart that added impetus to the emotional expression of word-borne thought that distinguishes the consummate artist from the consummate amateur. It is only the perfected quality of acceleration that conceals the process and reveals the result.

Now the magic of Mr. de la Mare is readily comprehensible in the parts. The Listeners, for example—and it is the obvious example—is analyzed easily into its component trochees, anapests and amphibrachs. It is elementally simple in its facile reducibility to non-divisibles. But let the elements re-adhere, and the miracle is still manifest.

The American edition of The Listeners, brought out some time in advance of Mr. de la Mare's visit to this country, was allowed to precede the present edition of Peacock Pie by two years. It is worth noting that of Mr. de la Mare's five books, three are quite frankly for children. The palatability of Peacock Pie is enhanced by Mr. Robinson's whimsies in black and white, despite their occasional divergence from the text—Poor, Tired Tim, announced as "too tired to yawn," is flagrantly represented in the very act.

But the most interesting detail in Peacock Pie is its inclusion of one or perhaps two little verse-groups that may well have fathered The Listeners itself. This is called Some One:

Some one came knocking
  At my wee, small door;
Some one came knocking,
  I'm sure—sure—sure;
I listened, I opened,
  I looked to left and right,
But nought there was a-stirring
  In the still dark night;
Only the busy beetle
  Tap-tapping in the wall,
Only from the forest
  The screech-owl's call,
Only the cricket whistling
  While the dewdrops fall,
So I know not who came knocking,
  At all, at all, at all.

That may not suffice. Compound it with The Horseman:

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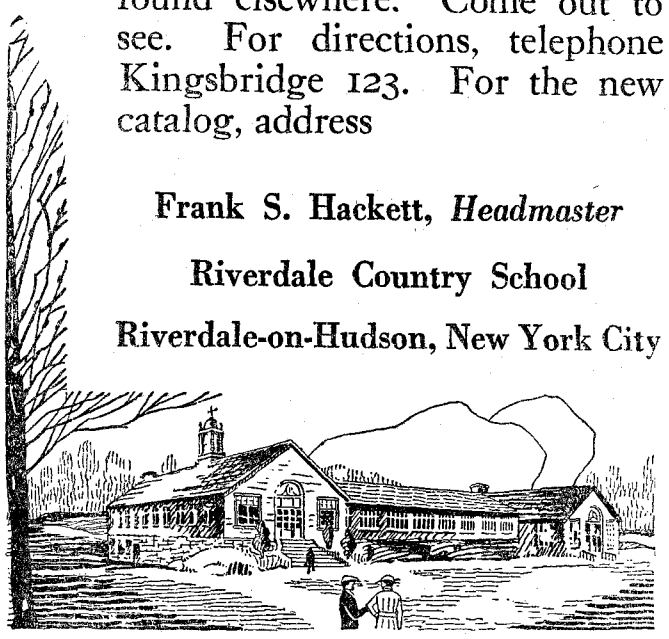

I heard a horseman
  Ride over the hill;
The moon shone clear,
  The night was still;
His helm was silver,
  And pale was he;
And the horse he rode
  Was of ivory.

—and the embryo of The Listeners has assumed recognizable form.

The whole of Peacock Pie is in kind. There are exercises in the didactic mood, enthralling little moralities that inflict a shivery penalty and point an obvious lesson. Mostly they are nothing more than the pleasing little fancies which Mr. de la Mare can so well conjure out of faery, fashioned with that lyric felicity which is not the least notable attribute of all the Georgians whose names are worth recounting and of Mr. de la Mare in special.

J. T. W.

The Food Situation

Thirty-cent Bread. By Alfred W. McCann. New York: George H. Doran Co. $.50.

IF the methods of food conservation put into practice early in the war by Germany were adopted in this country, the amount of food available for human consumption would easily be doubled. Mr. McCann shows that the waste by-products of seven foods of the hundred used are alone sufficient to support the entire national life for a year. By milling all the wheat, instead of following the present luxurious methods of making patent flours, we not only increase the quantity but add to the nutritive value of the product. We waste other grains, too—we rob corn of its germ rich in protein, phosphorus, iron and lime compounds. We do not know the values of potato skins. We polish our rice, losing 20 per cent of the grain as well as the most indispensable nutritive elements. We "pearl" our barley, losing 20 per cent again. Mammala or dried milk is all practically wasted. When it is objected that these by-products are used to feed our pigs and cattle, the objector forgets our enormous crops of hay, oats, flaxseed, whole corn and peanuts. Were not an ounce of wheat bran, red dog, wheat germ or "middlings" to find its way to the stables and farm-yards, our hogs, cows and chickens could nevertheless live in ease and plenty. Yet our almost wilful waste of grains is only one aspect of a food situation which, unless adequately handled by the Food Administration Board, will in Mr. McCann's opinion result in bread at 30 cents a loaf and meat at a dollar a pound.

Contributors

to this issue

HENRY BRUÈRE, formerly Chamberlain of New York City, went to Mexico last May at the invitation of the Mexican government to study its problems of finance and organization. He remained ten weeks and will return to Mexico this November.

STARK YOUNG is professor of English at Amherst College, and is the author of Addio Madretta and Other Plays.

REBECCA WEST is the pen name of an Englishwoman who is now working for the British government. She is the author of The World's Worst Failure, and of a book on Henry James

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